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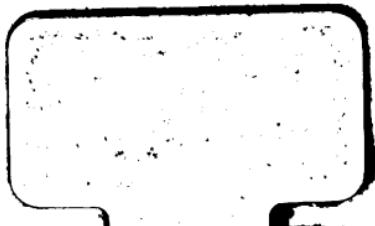
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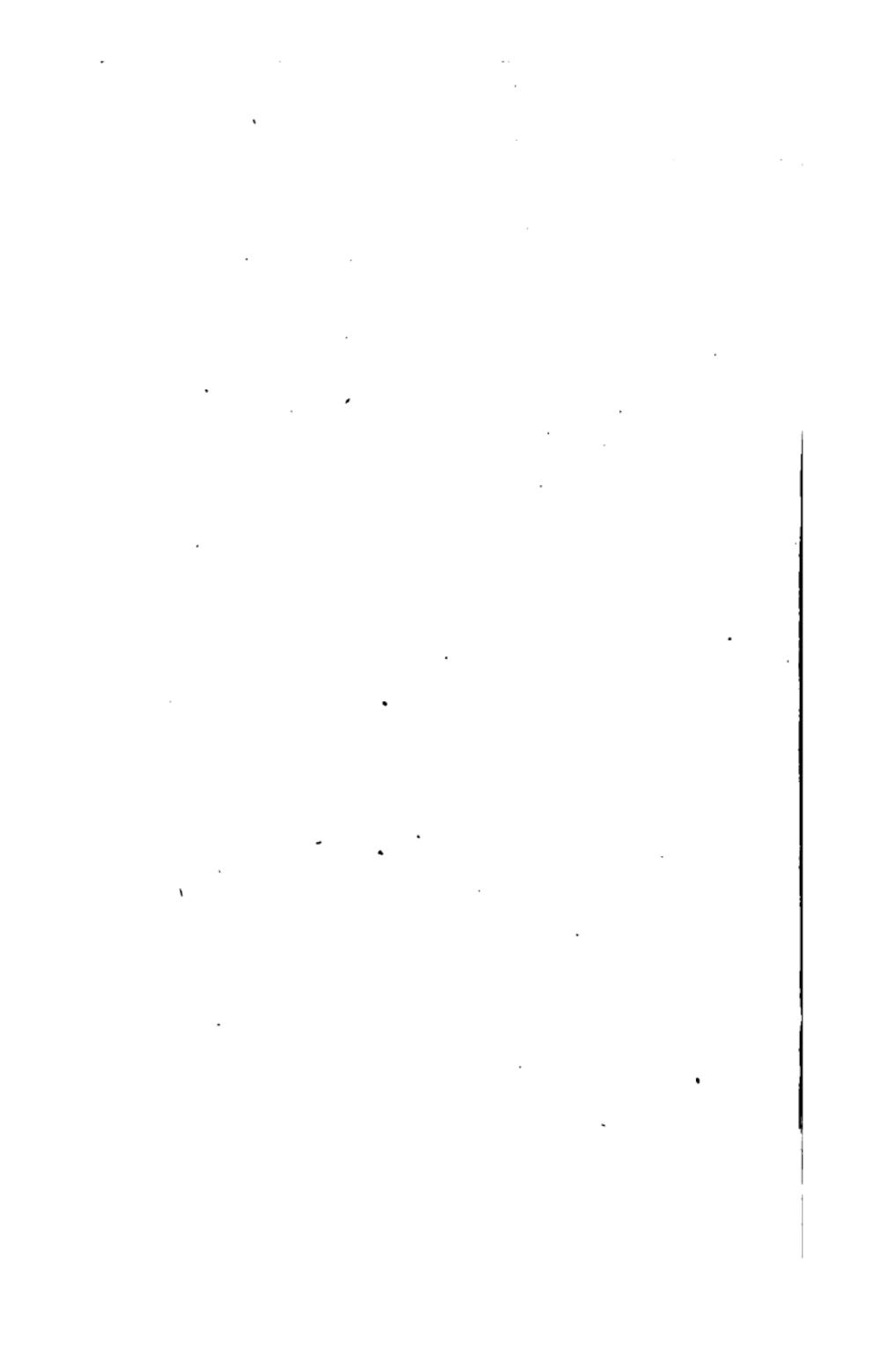
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Julian -



CHILDE HAROLD'S

PILGRIMAGE,

A ROMAUNT :

BY LORD BYRON.

LONDON :

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY W. DUGDALE

23, Russell Court, Drury Lane.

1820.

L'univers est une espece de livre, dont on n'a lu que la page quand on n'a vu que son pays. J'en ai feuilleté un assez grand nombre, que j'ai trouvé également mauvaises. Cet examen ne m'a point été infructueux. Je haisais ma patrie. Toutes les impertinences des peuples divers, parmi l'esquels j'ai vécu, m'ont reconcilé avec elle. Quand je n'aurais tiré d'autre bénéfice de mes voyages que celui-là, je n'en regretterais ni les frais, ni les fatigues.

LE COSMOPOLITE.

8/11/1938

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PREFACE

The following poem was written, for the most part amidst the scenes which it attempts to describe. It was begun in Albania; and the parts relative to Spain and Portugal were composed from the author's observations in those countries. Thus much it may be necessary to state for the correctness of the description. The scenes attempted to be sketched are in Spain, Portugal, Epirus, Acarnania, and Greece. There for the present the poem stops: its reception will determine whether the author may venture to conduct his readers to the capital of the East, through Ionia and Phrygia: these two cantos are merely experimental.

A fictitious character is introduced for the sake of giving some connection to the piece; which, however, makes no pretension to regularity. It has been suggested to me by friends, on whose opinions I set a high value that in this fictitious character, "Childe Harold," I may incur the suspicion of having intended some real personage: this I beg leave, once for all, to disclaim—Harold is the child of imagination, for the purpose I have stated. In some very trivial particulars, and those merely local, there might be grounds for such a notion but in the main points, I should hope, none whatever.

It is almost superfluous to mention that the appellation "Childe," as "Childe Waters," "Childe Childers," &c., is used as more consonant with the old structure of versification which I have adopted. The "Good Night," in the beginning of the first canto, was suggested by "Lord Maxwell's Good Night," in the *Border Minstrelsy*, edited by Mr. Scott.

With the different poems which have been published on Spanish subjects, there may be found some slight coincidence in the first part, which treats of the Peninsula, but it can only be casual; as, with the exception of a few concluding stanzas, the whole of this poem was written in the Levant.

The stanza of Spencer according to one of our most successful poets, admits of every variety. Dr. Beattie makes the following observation: "Not long ago I began a poem in the style and stanza of Spencer, in which I propose to give full scope to my inclination, and be either droll or pathetic, descriptive or sentimental, tender or satirical, as the humour strikes me; for, if I mistake not, the measure which I have adopted admits equally of all these kinds of composition."*—Strengthened in my opinion by such authority, and by the example of some in the highest order of Italian poets, I shall make no apology for attempts at similar variations in the following composition; satisfied that, if they are unsuccessful, their failure must be in the execution, rather than in the design sanctioned by the practice of Ariosto, Thomson, and Beattie.

* Beattie's Letters.

ADDITION TO THE PREFACE.

I have now waited till almost all our periodical journals have distributed their usual portion of criticism. To the justice of the generality of their criticisms I have nothing to object ; it would ill become me to quarrel with their slight degree of censure, when, perhaps, if they had been less kind they had been more candid. Returning therefore to all and each my best thanks for their liberality, on one point alone shall I venture an observation. Amongst the many objections justly urged to the very indifferent character of the " vagrant Childe" (whom notwithstanding many hints to the contrary, I still maintain to be a fictitious personage,) it has been stated, that besides the anachronism, he is very *unknightly*, as the times of the Knight were times of love, honour, and so forth. Now it so happens that the old times, when " l'amour du bon vieux tems, l'amour antique" flourished, were the most profligate of all possible centuries. Those who have any doubts on this subject may consult St. Palaye, *passim*, and more particularly vol. ii. page 69. The *vows* of chivalry were no better kept than any other *vows* whatever, and the songs of the Troubadors were not more decent, and certainly were much less refined, than those of Ovid. The " Cours d'amour, parlemens d'amour ou de courtesie et de gentilesse," had much more of love than of courtesy or gentleness.—See Rolland on the same subject with St. Palaye.—Whatever other objection may be urged to that most unamiable personage Childe Harold, he was so far perfectly knightly in his attributes—" No waiter, but a knight templar."* By the by, I fear that Sir Tristram and Sir Lancelot were no better than they should be, although very poetical personages and true knights " sans peur," though

* The Rovers. Antijacobin.

not "sans reproche."—If the story of the institution of the "Garter" be not a fable, the knights of that order have for several centuries borne the badge of a Countess of Salisbury, of indifferent memory. So much for chivalry. Burke need not have regretted that its days are over, though Maria Antoinette was quite as chaste as most of those in whose honours lances were shivered, and knights unhorsed.

Before the days of Bayard, and down to those of Sir Joseph Banks (the most chaste and celebrated of ancient and modern times,) few exceptions will be found to this statement, and I fear a little investigation will teach us not to regret those monstrous mummeries of the middle ages.

I now leave "Childe Harold" to live his day, such as he is, it had been more agreeable, and certainly more easy, to have drawn an amiable character. It had been easy to varnish over his faults, to make him do more and express less, but he never was intended as an example, further than to show that early perversion of mind and moral, leads to satiety of past pleasure and disappointment in new ones, and that even the beauties of nature, and the stimulus of travel (except ambition, the most powerful of all excitements) are lost on a soul so constituted, or rather misdirected. Had I proceeded with the Poem, this character would have deepened as he drew to the close: for the outline which I once meant to fill up for him was, with some exceptions, the sketch of a modern Timon, perhaps a poetical Zelucco.

TO IANTHE.

Not in those climes where I have late been straying,
Though Beauty long hath there been matchless
deem'd ;
Not in those visions to the heart displaying
Forms which it sighs but to have only dream'd,
Hath aught like thee in truth or fancy seem'd :
Nor, having seen thee, shall I vainly seek
To paint those charms which varied as they beam'd—
To such as see thee not my words were weak ;
To those who gaze on thee what language could they
speak ?

Ah ! may'st thou ever be what now thou art,
Nor unbeseem the promise of the spring,
As fair in form, as warm yet pure in heart,
Love's Image upon earth without his wing,
And guileless beyond Hope's imagining !
And surely she who now so fondly rears
Thy youth, in thee, thus hourly brightening,
Beholds the rainbow of her future years,
Before whose heavenly hues all sorrow disappears.

Young Peri of the West !—'tis well for me
 My years already doubly number thine ;
 My loveless eye unmov'd may gaze on thee,
 And safely view thy ripening beaties shine ;
 Happy, I ne'er shall see them in decline,
 Happier, that while all younger hearts shall bleed,
 Mine shall escape the doom thine eyes assign
 To those whose admiration shall succeed,
 But mixed with pangs to Love's even loveliest hours
 decreed.

Oh ! let that eye, which wild as the Gazelle's,
 Now brightly bold or beautifully shy,
 Wins as it wanders, dazzles where it dwells,
 Glance o'er this page ; nor to my verse deny
 That smile for which my breast might vainly sigh,
 Could I to thee be ever more than friend :
 This much, dear maid, accord : nor question why
 To one so young my strain I would commend,
 But bid me with my wreath one matchless lily blend.

Such is thy name with this my verse entwin'd ;
 And long as kinder eyes a look shall cast
 On Harold's page, Ianthe's here enshrin'd
 Shall thus be first beheld, forgotten last :
 My days once number'd, should this homage past
 Attract thy fairy fingers near the lyre
 Of him who hail'd thee, loveliest as thou wast,
 Such is the most my memory may desire ;
 Though more than Hope can claim, could Friendship
 less require ?

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE,

A ROMAUNT.

CANTO I.

I.

Oh, thou ! in Hellas deemed of heav'nly birth,
Muse ! form'd or fabled at the minstrel's will !
Since sham'd full oft by later lyres on earth,
Mine dares not call thee from thy sacred hill :
Yet there I've wander'd by thy vaunted rill ;
Yes ! sighed o'er Delphi's long deserted shrine, (1)
Where, save that feeble fountain, all is still ;
Nor mote my shell awake the weary Nine
To grace so plain a tale—this lowly lay of mine.

II.

Whilome in Albion's isle there dwelt a youth,
Who ne in virtue's ways did take delight ;
But spent his days in riot most uncouth ;
And vex'd with mirth the drowsy ear of Night.
Ah, me ! in sooth he was a shameless wight,
Sore given to revel and ungodly glee ;
Few earthly things found favour in his sight
Save concubines and carnal companie,
And flaunting wassailers of high and low degree.

III.

Childe Harold was he hight :—but whence his name
And lineage long, it suits me not to say ;
Suffice it, that perchance they were of fame,
And had beeu glorious in another day :
But one sad losel soils a name for aye,
However mighty in the olden time,
Nor all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay,
Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme,
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.

IV.

Childe Harold bask'd him in the noon-tide sun,
 Disporting there like any other fly ;
 Nor deem'd before his little day was done
 One blast might chill him into misery.
 But long ere scarce a third of his pass'd by,
 Worse than adversity the Childe befell ;
 He felt the fulness of satiety :
 Then, loathed he in his native land to dwell,
 Which seem'd to him more lone than Eremit's sad cell.

V.

For he through Sin's long labyrinth had run,
 Nor made atonement when he did amiss,
 Had sigh'd to many though he lov'd but one,
 And that lov'd one, alas ! could ne'er be his.
 Ah, happy she ! to 'scape from him whose kiss
 Had been pollution unto aught so chaste ;
 Who soon had left her charms for vulgar bliss,
 And spoil'd her goodly lands to gild his waste
 Nor calm domestic peace had ever deign'd to taste.

VI.

And now Childe Harold was sore sick at heart,
 And from his fellow bacchanals would flee ;
 'Tis said, at times the sullen tear would start,
 But pride congeal'd the drop within his ee ;
 Apart he stalk'd in joyless reverie,
 And from his native land resolv'd to go,
 And visit scorning climes beyond the sea ;
 With pleasure drugg'd he almost long'd for woe,
 And e'en for change of scene would seek the shades below.

VII.

The Childe departed from his father's hall :
 It was a vast and venerable pile ;
 So old ; it seemed only not to fall,
 Yet strength was pillar'd in each massy aisle.
 Monastic dome ! condemn'd to uses vile !
 Where Superstition once had made her den
 Now Paphian girls were known to sing and smile ;
 And monks might deem their time was come agen,
 If ancient tales say true, nor wrong these holy men.

VIII.

Yet oft-time in his maddest mirthful mood
 Strange pangs would flash along Childe Harold's brow,
 As if the memory of some deadly feud
 Or disappointed passion lurk'd below :
 But this none knew, nor haply car'd to know ;
 For his was not that open, artless soul
 That feels relief by bidding sorrow flow,
 Nor sought he friend to counsel or condole,
 Whate'er his grief mote be, which he could not controul.

IX.

And none did love him—though to hall and bower
 He gather'd revellers from far and near,
 He knew them flatt'lers of the festal hour ;
 The heartless parasites of present cheer.
 Yea ! none did love him—not his lemans dear—
 But pomp and power alone are woman's care,
 And where these are light Eros find a feere ;
 Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
 And Mammon wins his way where Seraphs might despair.

X.

Childe Harold had a mother—not forgot,
 Though parting from that mother he did shun ;
 A sister whom he lov'd, but saw her not
 Before his weary pilgrimage begun :
 If friends he had, he bade adieu to none.
 Yet deem not thence his breast a breast of steel ;
 Ye, who have known what 'tis to doat upon
 A few dear objects, will in sadness feel
 Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal.

XI.

His house, his home, his heritage, his lands,
 The laughing dames in whom he did delight,
 Whose large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy hands
 Might shake the saintship of an anchorite,
 And long he fed his youthful appetite !
 His goblets brimm'd with every costly wine,
 And all that mote to luxury invite,
 Without a sigh he left to cross the brine,
 And traverse Paya's shores, and pass earth's central line.

XII.

The sails were filled, and fair the light winds blew,
 As glad to waft him from his native home ;
 And fast the white rocks faded from his view,
 And soon were lost in circumambient foam :
 And then, it may be, of his wish to roam
 Repented he, but in his bosom slept
 The silent thought, nor from his lips did come
 One word of wail, whilst others sate and wept,
 And to the reckless gales unmanly moaning kept.

XIII.

But when the sun was sinking in the sea
 He seiz'd his harp, which he at times could string,
 And strike albeit with untaught melody,
 When deem'd he no strange ear was listening :
 And now his fingers o'er it he did fling,
 And tun'd his farewell in the dim twilight.
 While flew the vessel on her snowy wing,
 And fleeting shores receded from his sight,
 Thus to the elements he pour'd his last " Good Night."

1.

" Adieu, adieu ! my native shore
 Fades o'er the waters blue ;
 The Night-winds sigh—the breakers roar,
 And shrieks the wild seamew.
 You Sun that sets upon the sea
 We follow in his flight ;
 Farewell awhile to him and thee,
 My native Land—Good Night !

2.

" A few short hours, and He will rise
 To give the Morrow birth ;
 And I shall hail the main and skies,
 But not my mother Earth,
 Deserted is my own good hall,
 Its hearth so desolate ;
 Wild weeds are gathering on the wall ;
 My dogs howl at the gate.

3.

“ Come hither, hither, my little page !
 Why dost thou weep and wail ?
 Or dost thou dread the billow’s rage,
 Or tremble at the gale ?
 But dash the tear-drop from thine eye ;
 Our ship is swift and strong ;
 Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
 More merrily along.”

4.

“ Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
 I fear not wave nor wind ;
 Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
 Am sorrowful in mind ;
 For I have from my father gone,
 A mother whom I love,
 And have no friend save these alone
 But thee—and one above.

5.

“ My father bless’d me fervently,
 Yet did not much complain ;
 But sorely will my mother sigh
 Till I come back again.”—
 “ Enough, enough, my little lad !
 Such tears become thine eye ;
 If I thy guileless bosom had
 Mine own would not be dry.

6.

“ Come hither, hither my staunch yeoman,
 Why dost thou look so pale ?
 Or dost thou dread a French foeman ?
 Or shiver at the gale ?”—
 “ Deem’st thou I tremble for my life ?
 Sir Childe, I’m not so weak ;
 But thinking on an absent wife
 Will blanch a faithful cheek.

7.

“My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
 Along the bordering lake,
 And when they on their father call’
 What answer shall she make ?”—
 “Enought, enought, my yeoman good,
 Thy grief let none gainsay ;
 But I, who am of lighter mood,
 Will laugh to flee away.

8.

“For who would trust seeming sighs
 Of wife or paramour ?
 Fresh feros will dry the bright blue eyes
 We late saw streaming o'er.
 For pleasure past I do not greive,
 Nor perils gathering near ;
 My greatest grief is that I leave
 No thing that claims a tear.

9.

“And now I’m in the world alone,
 Upon the wide, wide sea
 But why should I for others groan,
 When none will sigh for me ?
 Farehance my dog will whine in vain,
 Till fed by stranger hands ;
 But long ere I come back again,
 He’d tear me where he stands.

10.

“With thee, my bark, I’ll swiftly go
 Athward the foaming brine ;
 Nor care what land thou bear’st me to
 So not again to mine.
 Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves !
 And when you fail my sight,
 Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves !
 My native Land—Good Night !”

XIV.

On, on the vessel flies, the land is gone,
 And winds are rude in Biscay's sleepless bay.
 Four days are sped, but with the fifth, anon,
 New shores descried make every bosom gay ;
 And Cintra's mountain greets them on their way
 And Tagus dashing onward to the deep,
 His fabled golden tribute bent to pay
 And soon on board the Lusian pilots leap,
 And steer 'twixt fertile shores where yet few rustics reap

XV.

Oh, what a goodly sight to see
 What Heaven hath done for this delicious land !
 What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree !
 What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand !
 But man would mar them with an impious hand :
 And when the Almighty lifts his fiercest scourge
 'Gainst those who most transgress his high command
 With treble vengeance will his hot shafts urge
 Gaul's locust host, and earth from fellest foemen purge

XVI.

What beauties doth Lisboa first unfold !
 Her image floating on that noble tide,
 Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold,
 But now whereon a thousand keels did ride
 Of mighty strength, since Albion was allied,
 And to the Lusians did her aid afford :
 A nation swoln with ignorance and pride,
 Who lick yet loath the hand that waves the sword
 To save them from the wrath of Gaul's unsparing lord.

XVII.

But whoso entereth within this town,
 That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,
 Disconsolate will wander up and down,
 'Mid many things unsightly to strange ee ;
 For hut and palace show like filthily :
 The dingy denizens are rear'd in dirt ;
 Ne personage of high or mean degree
 Doth care for cleanliness of surtout or shirt, [unhurt.
 Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt, unwash'd,

XVIII.

Poor, paltry slaves ! yet born 'midst noblest scenes—
 Why, Nature, waste thy wonders on such men ?
 Lo ! Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes
 In variegated maze of mount and glen.
 Ah, me ! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,
 To follow half on which the eye dilates
 Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken
 Than those whereof such things the bard relates,
 Who to the awe-struck world unlock'd Elysium's gates ?

XIX.

The horrid crags, by toppling convent crown'd ;
 The cork trees hoar that cloathe the shaggy steep,
 The mountain moss by scorching skies imbrown'd,
 The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,
 The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
 The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
 The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
 The vine on high, the willow branch below,
 Mixed in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow.

XX.

Then slowly climb the many winding way.
 And frequent turn to linger as you go,
 From loftier rocks new loveliness survey,
 And rest ye at our "Lady's house of woe;" (2)
 Where frugal monks their little relics show,
 And sundry legends to the stranger tell :
 Here impious men have punish'd been, and lo !
 Deep in yon cave Honorius long did dwell,
 In hope to merit Heav'n by making earth a Hell.

XXI.

And here and there, as up the crags you spring,
 Mark many rude carv'd crosses near the path :
 Yet deem not these devotion's offering—
 These are memorials frail of murderous wrath :
 For wheresoe'er the shrieking victim bath
 Pour'd forth his blood beneath the assassin's knife
 Some hand erects a cross of mouldering lath ;
 And grove and glen with thousand such are rife (3)
 Throughout this purple land, where law secures not life.

XXII.

On sloping mounds, or in the vale beneath,
 Are domes where whilome kings did make repair ;
 But now the wild flowers round them only breathe ;
 Yet ruin'd splendour still is lingering there.
 And yonder towers the Prince's palace fair:
 There thou too, Vathek ! England's wealthiest son,
 Once form'd thy Paradise, as not aware
 Wheu wanton Wealth her mightiest deeds hath done,
 Meek Peace voluptuous lures was ever wont to shun.

XXIII.

Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure plan,
 Beneath yon mountain's ever beauteous brow ;
 But now as if a thing unblest by Man,
 Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou !
 Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow
 To halls deserted, portals gaping wide :
 Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how
 Vain are the pleasaunces on earth supplied ;
 Swept into rocks anon by Time's ungentle tide !

XXIV.

Behold the hall where chiefs were late conven'd ! (4)
 Oh ! dome displeasing unto British eye !
 With diadem hight foolscap, lo ! a fiend,
 A little fiend that scoffs incessantly,
 There sits in parchment robe array'd, and by
 His side is hung a seal and sable scroll,
 Where blazon'd glare names known to chivalry,
 And sundry signatures adorn the roll,
 Whereat the Urchin points and laughs with all his soul.

XXV.

Convention is the dwarfish demon styl'd
 That foil'd the knights in Marialva's dome:
 Of brains (if brains they had) he them beguil'd,
 And turn'd a nation's shallow joy to gloom.
 Here folly dash'd to earth the victor's plume,
 And Policy regain'd what arms had lost;
 For chiefs like ours in vain may laurels bloom !
 Woe to the conqu' ring, not the conquer'd host,
 Since baffled Triumph droops on Lusitania's Coast !

XXVI.

And ever since that martial synod met,
 Britannia sickens, Cintra, at thy name ;
 And folks in office at the mention fret,
 And fain would blush, if blush they could, for shame.
 How will posterity the deed proclaim !
 Will not our own and fellow-nations sneer,
 To view these champions cheated of their fame,
 By foes in fight o'erthrown, yet victors here, [year ?
 Where Scorn her finger points through many a coming

XXVII.

So deem'd the Childe, as o'er the mountain he
 Did take his way in solitary guise :
 Sweet was the scene, yet soon he thought to flee,
 More restless than the swallow in the skies ;
 Though here a while he learn'd to moralize,
 For Meditation fix'd at times on him ;
 And conscious Reason whisper'd to despise
 His early youth, mispent in maddest whim ;
 But as he gaz'd on truth his aching eyes grew dim.

XXVIII.

To horse ! to horse ! he quits, for ever quits
 A scene of peace, though soothing to his soul ;
 Again he rouses from his moping fits,
 But seeks not now the harlot and the bowl.
 Onward he flies, nor fix'd as yet the goal
 Where he shall rest him on his pilgrimage ?
 And o'er him many changing scenes must roll
 Ere toil his thirst for travel can assuage,
 Or he shall calm his breast, or learn experience sage.

XXIX.

Yet Mafra shall one moment claim delay ,⁽⁵⁾
 Where dwelt of yore the Lusian's luckless queen ?
 And church and court did mingle their array,
 And mass and revel were alternate seen ;
 Lordlings and freres—ill sorted fry I ween !
 But here the Babylonian whore hath built
 A dome, where flaunts she in such glorious sheen,
 That men forget the blood which she hath spilt,
 And bow the kuee to Pomp that loves to varnish guilt.

XXX.

O'er vales that team with fruits, romantic hills,
 (Oh, that such hills upheld a freeborn race!)
 Whereon to gaze the eye with joyaunce fills,
 Childe Harold wends through many a pleasant place.
 Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chace,
 And marvel men should quit their easy chair,
 The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace,
 Oh there is sweetness in the mountain air,
 And life, that bloated Ease can never hope to share.

XXXI.

More bleak to view the hills at length recede,
 And, less luxuriant smoother vales extend ;
 Immense horizon-bounded plains succeed !
 Far as the eye discerns, withouten end,
 Spain's realms appear whereon her shepherds tend
 Flocks whose rich fleece right well the reader knows,
 Now must the pastor's arm his lambs defend ;
 For Spain is compass'd by unyielding foes,
 And all must shield their all, or share Subjection's woes.

XXXII.

Where Lusitania and her sister meet,
 Deem ye what bounds the rival realms divide ?
 Or ere the jealous queens of nations greet,
 Doth Tayo interpose his mighty tide ?
 Or dark Sierras rise in craggy pride ?
 Or fence of art, like China's vasty wall ?—
 Ne barrier wall, ne river deep and wide,
 Ne horrid crags, nor mountains dark and tall,
 Rise like the rocks that part Hispania's land from Gaul.

XXXIII.

But these between a silver streamlet glides,
 And scarce a name distinguisheth the brook,
 Though rival kingdoms press its verdant sides.
 Here leans the idle shepherd on his crook,
 And vacant on the rippling waves doth look,
 That peaceful still 'twixt bitterest foemen flow;
 For proud each peasant as the noblest duke ;
 Well doth the Spanish hind the difference know
 'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the low.

XXXIV.

But e'er the mingling bounds have far been pass'd
 Dark Guadiana rolls his power along
 In sullen billow, murmuring and vast,
 So noted ancient roundelay among.
 Whilome upon his banks did legions throng
 Of Moor and knight, in mailed splendour drest ;
 Here ceas'd the swift their race, here sunk the strong;
 The Paynim turban and the Christian crest
 Mix'd on the bleeding stream, by floating hosts oppress'd.

XXXV.

Oh, lovely Spain ! renown'd, romantic land !
 Where is that standard which Pelagio bore,
 When Cava's traitor-sire first call'd the band
 That dy'd thy mountain streams with Gothic gore ?(7)
 Where are those bloody banners which of yore
 Wav'd o'er thy sons, victorious to the gate,
 And drove at last the spoilers to their shore ?
 Red gleam'd the cross, and wan'd the crescent pale,
 While Afric's echoes thrill'd with Moorish matron's wail.

XXXVI.

Teems not each ditty with the glorious tale ?
 Ah ! such alas ! the hero's amplest fate !
 When granite moulders and when records fail,
 A peasant's plaint prolongs his dubious date.
 Pride, bend thine eye from heav'n to thine estate !
 See how the Mighty shrink into a song !
 Can Volume, Pillar, Pile preserve thee great ?
 Or must thou trust Tradition's simple tongue, [wrong ?
 When Flattery sleeps with thee, and History does thee

XXXVII.

Awake, ye sons of Spain ! awake ! advance !
 Lo ! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries,
 But wields not, as of old, her thirsty lance,
 Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies :
 Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she flies,
 And speaks in thunder through yon engine's roar,
 In every peal she calls—"Awake ! arise!"
 Say, is her voice more feeble than of yore,
 When her war-song was heard on Andalusia's shore.

XXXVIII.

Hark!—heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note ?
 Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath ?
 Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote ;
 Nor sav'd your brethren ere they sank beneath
 Tyrants and tyrants' slaves ?—the fires of death,
 The bale-fires flash on high ;—from rock to rock
 Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe ;
 Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
 Red Battle stamps his foot and nations feel the shock.

XXXIX.

Lo! where the Giant on the mountain stands,
 His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,
 With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
 And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon ;
 Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now anon
 Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet
 Destruction cowers to mark what deeds are done:
 For on this morn three potent nations meet,
 To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

XL.

By Heaven ! it is a splendid sight to see
 (For one who hath no friend, no brother there)
 Their rival scarfs of mix'd embroidery,
 Theif various arms that glitter in the air !
 What gallant war-hounds rouse them from their lair,
 And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for their prey !
 All join the chase, but few the triumph share ;
 The Gravé shall bear the chieftest prize a way,
 And Havoc scarce for joy can number their array.

XLI.

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice ;
 Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high ;
 Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies ;
 The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory ;
 The foe, the victim, and the fond ally
 That fights for all but ever fights in vain,
 Are met—as if at home they could not die—
 To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,
 And fertilize the field that each pretends to gain.

XLII.

There shall they rot—Ambition's honour'd fools !
 Yes, Honour decks the turf that wraps their clay !
 Vain Sophistry ! in these behold the tools,
 The broken tools, that tyrants cast away
 By myriads, when they dare to pave their way
 With human hears—to what?—a dream alone.
 Can despots compass aught that hails their sway ?
 Or call with truth one span of earth their own,
 Save that wherein at last they crumble bone by bone ?

XLIII.

Oh, Albuera ! glorious field of grief !
 As o'er thy plain the Pilgrim prick'd his steed,
 Who could foresee thee, in a space so brief,
 A scene where mingling foes should boast and bleed?
 Peace to the perish'd ! may the warrior's meed
 And tears of triumph their reward prolong !
 Till others fall where other chieftains lead
 Thy name shall circle round the gaping throng,
 And shine in worthless lays, the theme of transient song.

XLIV.

Enough of Battle's minions ! let them play
 Their game of lives, and barter breath for fame ;
 Fame that will scarce reanimate their clay,
 Though thousands fall to deck some single name
 Is sooth 'twere sad to thwart their noble aim
 Who strike, blest hirelings for their country's good,
 And die, that living might have prov'd her shame?
 Perish'd, perchance, in some domestic feud,
 Or in a narrower sphere wild Rapine's path pursu'd.

XLV.

Full swiftly Harold wends his lonely way
 Where proud Sevilla triumphs unsubdued ;
 Yet is she free—the spoiler's wish'd-for prey !
 Soon, soon shall Conquest's fiery foot intrude,
 Blackening her lovely domes with traces rude.
 Inevitable hour ! 'Gainst fate to strive
 Where Desolation plants her famish'd brood,
 Is vain, or Ilion, Tyre might yet survive,
 And Virtue vanquish all, and Murder cease to thrive.

XLVI.

But all unconscious of the coming doom,
 The feast, the song, the revel here abounds ;
 Strange modes of merriment the hours consume,
 Nor bleed these patriots with their country's wounds :
 Not here war's clarion, but Love's rebeck sounds ;
 Here Folly still his votaries entralls :
 And young-eyed Lewdness walks her midnight rounds
 Girt with the silent crimes of Capitals,
 Still to the last kind Vice clings to the tott'ring walls.

XLVII.

Not so the rustic—with his trembling mate
 He lurks, nor casts his heavy eye afar,
 Lest he should view his vineyard desolate,
 Blasted below the dun hot breath of war.
 No more beneath soft Eve's consenting star
 Fandango twirls his jocund castanet :
 Ah, monarchs ! could ye taste the mirth ye mar,
 Not in the toils of Glory would ye fret ;
 The hoarse full drum would sleep, and Man be happy yet

XLVIII.

How carols now the lusty muleteer ?
 Of love, romance, devotion is his lay,
 As whilome he was wont the leagues to cheer.
 His quick Bells wildly jingling on the way ?
 No ! as he speeds, he chaunts ; " Viva-el Rey!" (8)
 And checks his song to execrate Godoy,
 The royal wittol Charles, and curse the day
 When first Spain's queen beheld the black-ey'd boy,
 And gore-fac'd Treason sprung from her adulterate joy.

XLIX.

On yon long, level plain, at distancee crown'd
 With crags, whereon those Moorish turrets rest,
 Wide scatter'd hoof-marks dint the wounded ground ;
 And, 'scath'd by fire, the green sward's darken'd vest
 Tells that the foe was Andalusia's guest :
 Here was the camp, the watch-flame, and the host,
 Here the bold peasant stormed the dragon's nest ;
 Still does he mark it with triumphant boast,
 And points to yonder cliffs, which oft were won and lost.

L.

And whomsoe'er along the path you meet
 Bears in his cap the badge of crimson hue,
 Which tells you whom to shun and whom to greet; (9)
 Woe to the man that walks in public view
 Without of loyalty this token true ;
 Sharp is the knife, and sudden is the stroke ;
 And sorely would the gallic foeman rue,
 If subtle poniards, wrapt beneath the cloke,
 Could blunt the sabre's edge, or clear the cannon's smoke.

LI.

At every turn Morena's dusky height
 Sustains aloft the battery's iron load ;
 And far as mortal eye can compass sight,
 The mountain howitzer, the broken road,
 The bristling pallisade, the fosse o'erflowed,
 The station'd bands, the never vacant watch,
 The magazine in rocky durance stow'd,
 The holster'd steed beneath the shed of thatch,
 The ball-pil'd pyramid, the ever blazing match, (10)

LII.

Portend the deeds to come ;—but he whose nod
 Has tumbled feebler despots from their sway
 A moment pauseth ere he lifts the rod ;
 A little moment deigneth to delay ;
 Soon will his legions sweep through these their way ;
 The West must own the Scourger of the world.
 Ah ! Spain ! how sad will be thy reckoning day,
 When soars Gaul's Vulture, with his wings uſfur'd,
 And thou shalt view thy sons in crowds to Hades hurl'd.

LIII.

And must they fall, the young, the proud, the brave,
 To swell one bloated Chief's unwholesome reign,
 No step between submission and a grave,
 The rise of rapine and the fall of Spain ?
 And doth the Power that man adores ordain
 Their doom, nor heed the suppliant's appeal,
 Is all that desperate Valour acts in vain ?
 And counsel sage, and patriotic zeal, [steel ;
 The Veteran's skill, Youth's fire, and Manhood's heart of

LIV.

Is it for this the Spanish maid arous'd,
 Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,
 And, all unsex'd, the Anlace hath espous'd,
 Sung the loud song, and dar'd the deed of war ?
 And she, whom once the semblance of a scar
 Appall'd, an owlet's larum chill'd with dread.
 Now views the column-scattering bay'net jar,
 The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead [tread].
 Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might quake to

LV.

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,
 Oh ! had you known her in her softer hour,
 Mark'd her black eye that mocks her coal-black veil,
 Heard her light, lively tones in Lady's bower,
 Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,
 Her fairy form, with more than female grace,
 Scarce would you deem that Saragoza's tower
 Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon face,
 Thin the clos'd ranks, and lead in Glory's fearful chase.

LVI.

Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-tim'd tear ;
 Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post ;
 Her fellows flee—she checks their base career :
 The foe retires—she heads the sallying host :
 Who can appease like her a lover's ghost ?
 Who can avenge so well a leader's fall ?
 What maid retrieve when man's flush'd hope is lost ?
 Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,
 Foil'd by a woman's hand, before a batter'd wall ? (11).

LVII.

Yet are Spain's maids no race of Amazons,
 But form'd for all the witching arts of love ;
 Though thus in arms they emulate her sons,
 And in the horrid phalanx dare to move,
 'Tis but the tender fierceness of the dove
 Pecking the hand that hovers o'er her mate ;
 In softness as in firmness far above
 Remoter females, fam'd for sickening prate ;
 Her mind is nobler sure, her charms perchance as great.

LVIII.

The seal Love's dimpling finger hath impress'd
 Denotes how soft that chin which bears his touch : (12)
 Her lips, whose kisses pouf to leave their nest,
 Bid man be valiant ere he merit such :
 Her glance how wildly beautiful ! how much
 Hath Phœbus woo'd in vain to spoil her cheek,
 Which glows yet smoother from his amorous clutch !
 Who round the North for paler dames would seek ?
 How poor their forms appear ! how languid, wan, and weak.

LIX.

Match me, ye climes ! which poets love to laud ;
 Match me, ye harams of the land ! where now
 I strike my strain, far distant, to applaud
 Beauties that ev'n a cynic must avow ;
 Match me those Houries, whom ye scarce allow
 To taste the gale lest Love should ride the wind,
 With Spain's dark-glancing daughters—deign to know,
 'There your wise Prophet's paradise we find,
 His black-eyed maids of heaven, angelically kind.

LX.

Oh, thou Parnassus ! (13) whom I now survey
 Not in the phrenzy of a dreamer's eye,
 Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,
 But soaring snow-clad through thy native sky,
 In the wild pomp of mountain majesty !
 What marvel if I thus essay to sing ?
 The humblest of thy pilgrims passing by,
 Would gladly woo thine Echoes with his string,
 Though from thy heights no more one Muse will wave

LXI.

[her wing.

Oft have I dream'd of thee ! whose glorious name
 Who knows not, knows not man's divinest lore :
 And now I view thee, 'tis, alas, with shame
 That I in feeblest accents must adore.
 When I recount thy worshippers of yore
 I tremble, and can only bend the knee ;
 Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to soar,
 But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy
 In silent joy to think at last I look on Thee !

LXII.

Happier in this than mightiest bards have been,
 Whose fate to distant homes confin'd their lot,
 Shall I unmov'd behold the hallow'd scene,
 Which others rave of, though they know it not?
 Though here no more Apollo haunts his grot,
 And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their grave,
 Some gentle Spirit still pervades the spot,
 Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the grave,
 And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious wave.

LXIII.

Of thee hereafter—Ev'n amidst my strain
 I turn'd aside to pay my homage here;
 Forgot the land, the sons, the maids of Spain;
 Her fate, to every freeborn bosom dear,
 And hail'd thee, not perchance without a tear.
 Now to my theme—but from thy holy haunt
 Let me some remnant, some memorial bear;
 Yield me one leaf of Daphne's deathless plant,
 Nor let thy votary's hope be deem'd an idle vannt.

LXIV.

But ne'er didst thou, fair Mount! when Greece was
 See round thy giant base a brighter choir, [young,
 Nor e'er did Delphi, when her priestess sung
 The Pythian hymn with more than mortal fire,
 Behold a train more fitting to inspire
 The song of love, than Andalusia's maids,
 Nurst in the glowing lap of soft desire:
 Ah! that to these were given such peaceful shades
 As Greece can still bestow, though Glory fly her glades.

LXV.

Fair is proud Seville; let her country boast
 Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days; (14)
 But Cadiz, rising on the distant coast,
 Calls forth a sweeter, though ignoble praise.
 Ah, Vice! how soft are thy voluptuous ways!
 While boyish blood is mantling who can 'scape
 The fascination of thy magic gaze?
 A cherub-hydra round us dost thou gape,
 And mould to every taste thy dear delusive shape.

LXVI.

When Paphos fell by Time—accursed Time !
 The queen who conquers all must yield to thee—
 The Pleasures fled, but sought as warm a clime ;
 And Venus, constant to her native sea
 To nought else constant, hither deign'd to flee ;
 And fixed her shrine within these walls of white ;
 Though not to one dome circumscribeth she
 Her worship, but, devoted to her rite,
 A thousand altars rise, for ever blazing bright.

LXVII.

From morn till night, from night till startled Morn
 Peeps blushing on the Revels' laughing crew,
 The song is heard, the rosy garland worn,
 Devices quaint, and frolics ever new,
 Tread on each others kibes. A long adieu
 He bids to sober joy that here sojourns ;
 Nought interrupts the riot, though in lieu
 Of true devotion monkish incense burns,
 And Love and Prayer unite, or rule the hour by turns.

LXVIII.

The Sabbath comes, a day of blessed rest ;
 What hallows it upon this Christian shore ?
 Lo ! it is sacred to a solemn feast ;
 Hark ! heard you not the forest-monarch's roar ?
 Crashing the lance, he snuffs the spouting gore
 Of man and steed, o'erthrown beneath his horn ;
 The throng'd Arena shakes with shouts for more ;
 Yells the mad crowd o'er entrails freshly torn,
 Nor shrinks the female eye, nor ev'n affects to mourn.

LXIX.

The seventh day this ; the jubilee of man.
 London ! right well thou know'st the day of prayer ;
 Then thy spruce citizen, wash'd artizan,
 And smug apprentice gulp their weekly air ;
 Thy coach of Hackney, whisky, one-horse chair,
 And humblest gig, through sundry suburbs whirl,
 To Hampstead, Brentford, Harrow make repair ;
 Till the tir'd jade the wheel forgets to hurl,
 Provoking envious gibe from each pedestrian Churl.

LXX.

Some o'er thy Thamis row the ribbon'd fair,
 Others along the safer Turnpike fly ;
 Some Richmond-hill ascend, some scud to Ware,
 And many to the steep of Highgate bie.
 Ask ye, Boeotian shades ! the reason why ; (15)
 'Tis to the worship of the solemn Horn,
 Grasp'd in the holy band of Mystery,
 In whose dread name both men and maids are sworn,
 And consecrate the oath with draught, and dance till morn.

LXXI.

All have their fooleries—not alike are thine,
 Fair Cadiz, rising o'er the dark blue sea !
 Soon as the matin bell proclaimeth nine,
 Thy saint adorers count the rosary :
 Much is the VIRGIN teaz'd to shrive them free
 (Well do I ween the only virgin there)
 From crimes as numerous as her beadsmen be ;
 Then to the crowded circus forth they fare,
 Young, old, high, low, at once the same diversion share.

LXXII.

The lists are op'd the spacious area clear'd,
 Thousands on thousands pil'd are seated round ;
 Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,
 No vacant space for lated wight is found ;
 Here dons, grandes, but chiefly dames abound,
 Skill'd in the ogle of a roguish eye,
 Yet ever well inclin'd to heal the wound ;
 None through their cold disdain are doom'd to die,
 As moon-struck bards complain, by Love's sad archery.

LXXIII.

Hush'd is the din of tongues—on gallant steeds,
 With milk-white crest, gold spur, and light poi'd lance,
 Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,
 And lowly bending to the lists advance ;
 Rich are their scarfs, their chargers feately prance :
 If in the dangerous game they shine to-day,
 The crowds' loud shout and ladies' lovely glance,
 Best prize of better acts, they bear away,
 And all that Kings or chiefs e'er gain their toils repay.

LXXXII.

Oh ! many a time, and oft, had Harold lov'd,
 Or dream'd he lov'd, since Rapture is a dream ;
 But now his wayward bosom was unmov'd,
 For not yet had he drunk of Lethe's stream ;
 And lately had he learn'd with truth to deem
 Love has no gift so grateful as his wings ;
 How fair, how young, how soft soe'er he seem,
 Full from the fount of Joy's delicious springs
 Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings. (16)

LXXXIII.

Yet to the beauteous form he was not blind,
 Though now it mov'd him as it moves the wise ;
 Not that Philosophy on such a mind
 E'er deign'd to bend her chastely awful eyes ;
 But Passion raves herself to rest, or flies ;
 And Vice, that digs her own voluptuous tomb,
 Had buried long his hopes, no more to rise ;
 Pleasure's pall'd victim ! life abhorring gloom
 Wrote on his faded brow curst Cain's unresting doom.

LXXXIV.

Still he beheld, nor mingled with the throng ;
 But view'd them not with misanthropic hate ;
 Fain would he now have join'd the dance, the song ;
 But who may smile that sinks beneath his fate ?
 Nought that he saw his sadness could abate ;
 Yet once he struggled 'gainst the demon's sway,
 And as in Beauty's bower he pensive sate,
 Pour'd forth this unpremeditated lay,
 To charms as fair as those that sooth'd his happier day.

TO INEZ.

1.

NAY, smile not at my sullen brow,
Alas! I cannot smile again;
Yet heaven avert that ever thou
Shouldst weep, and haply weep in vain.

2.

And dost thou ask, what secret woe
I bear, corroding joy and, youth?
And wilt thou vainly seek to know
A pang, ev'n thou must fail to sooth?

3.

It is not love, it is not hate,
Nor low Ambition's honours lost,
That bid me loathe my present state,
And fly from all I priz'd the most;

4.

It is that weariness which springs
From all I meet, or hear, or see,
To me no pleasure Beauty brings;
Thine eyes have scarce a charm for me.

5.

It is that settled, ceaseless gloom
The fabled Hebrew wanderer bore;
That will not look beyond the tomb,
But cannot hope for rest before.

6.

What Exile from himself can flee?
To Zones, though more and more remote,
Still, still pursues, where-e'er I be,
The blight of life—the demon, Thought:

7.

Let others rapt in pleasure seem,
 And taste of all that I forsake ;
 Oh ! may they still of transport dream,
 And ne'er, at least like me, awake !

8.

Through many a clime 'tis mine to go,
 With many a retrospection curst ;
 And all my solace is to know,
 Whate'er besides, I've known the worst.

9.

What is that worst ? Nay do not ask---
 In pity from the search forbear ;
 Smile on, nor venture to unmask
 Man's heart, and view the Hell that's there.

LXXXV.

Adieu, fair Cadiz ! yea, a long adieu !
 Who may forget how well thy walls have stood ?
 When all were changing thou alone wert true,
 First to be free and last to be subdued ;
 And if amidst a scene, a shock so rude,
 Some native blood was seen thy streets to dye ;
 A traitor only fell beneath the feud ; (17)
 Here all were noble, save Nobility ;
 None hugg'd a Conqueror's chain, save fallen Chivalry !

LXXXVI.

Such be the sons of Spain, and strange her fate !
 They fight for freedom who were never free ;
 A Kingless people for a nerveless state,
 Her vassals combat when their chieftains flee,
 True to the veriest slaves of Treachery ;
 Fond of a land which taught them naught but life,
 Pride points the path that leads to Liberty ;
 Back to the struggle, baffled in the strife,
 War, war is still the cry, " War even to the knife ! " (18)

LXXXVII.

Ye, who would more of Spain and Spaniards know,
 Go, read whate'er is writ of bloodiest strife :
 Whate'er keen Vengeance urg'd on foreign foe
 Can act ; is acting, there against man's life :
 From flashing scimitar to secret knife,
 War mouldeth there each weapon to his need—
 So may he guard the sister and the wife,
 So may he make each curst oppressor bleed,
 So may such foes deserve the most remorseless deed !

LXXXVIII.

Flows there a tear of pity for the dead ?
 Look o'er the ravage of the reeking plain ;
 Look on the hands with female slaughter red ;
 Then to the dogs resign the unburied slain,
 Then to the vulture let each corse remain ;
 Albeit unworthy of the prey-birds maw,
 Let their bleach'd bones, and blood's unbleaching stain
 Long mark the battle-field with hideous awe ;
 Thus only may our sons conceive the scenes we saw !

LXXXIX.

Nor yet alas ! the dreadful work is done,
 Fresh legions pour adown the Pyrenees ;
 It deepens still, the work is scarce begun,
 Nor mortal eye the distant end foresees.
 Fall'n nations gaze on Spain ; if freed, she frees
 More than her fell Pizarros once enchain'd ;
 Strange retribution now ! Columbia's ease
 Repairs the wrongs that Quito's sons sustain'd,
 While o'er the parent clime prowls murder unrestrain'd.

XC.

Not all the blood at Talavera shed,
 Not all the marvels of Barossa's fight,
 Not Albuera lavish of the dead,
 Have won for Spain her well asserted right.
 When shall her Olive-Branch be free from blight ?
 When shall she breathe her from the blushing toil ?
 How many a doubtful day shall sink in night,
 Ere the Frank robber turn him from his spoil,
 And freedom's stranger tree grow native of the soil ?

C I.

And thou, my friend! (19) since unavailing woe
 Bursts from my heart, and mingles with the strain—
 Had the sword laid thee with the mighty low,
 Pride might forbid even Friendship to complain ;
 But thus unlaurel'd to descend in vain,
 By all forgotten, save the lonely breast,
 And mix unbleeding with the boasted slain,
 While Glory crowns so many a meaner crest !
 What hadst thou done to sink so peacefully to rest ?

C II.

Oh, known, the earliest, and esteem'd the most !
 Dear to a heart where nought was left so dear !
 Though to my hopeless day for ever lost,
 In dreams deny me not to see thee here !
 And Morn in secret shall renew the tear
 Of Consciousness awaking to her woes,
 And Fancy hover o'er thy bloodless bier,
 Till my frail frame return to whence it rose,
 And mourn'd and mourner lie united in repose.

C III.

Here is one fytle of Harold's pilgrimage ;
 Ye who of him may further seek to know,
 Shall find some tidings in a future page,
 If he that rhymeth now may scribble moe,
 Is this too much ! stern Critic ! say not so ;
 Patience ! and ye shall hear what he beheld
 In other lands, where he was doom'd to go ;
 Lands that contain the monument of Eld, [quell'd.
 Ere Greece and Grecian art by barbarous hands were

END OF CANTO I.

NOTES TO CANTO I.

1. The little village of Castri stands partly on the site of Delphi. Along the path of the mountain, from Chryssos, are the remains of sepulchres hewn in and from the rock ; "One," said the guide, "of a king who broke his neck hunting." His Majesty had certainly chosen the fittest spot for such an achievement.

2. The convent of "Our Lady of Punishment," *Nossa Senhora de Pena*, on the summit of the rock. Below at some distance, is the Cork Convent, where St. Honorius dug his den, over which is his epitaph. From the hills the sea adds to the beauty of the view.

3. It is a well known fact, that in the year 1809, the assassinations in the streets of Lisbon and its vicinity were not confined by the Portuguese to their countrymen ; but that Englishmen were daily butchered ; and so far from redress being obtained, we are requested not to interfere if we perceived any compatriot defending himself against his allies. I was once stopped in the way to the theatre at eight o'clock in the evening, when the streets were not more empty than they generally are at that hour, opposite to an open shop, and in a carriage with a friend ; had we not fortunately been armed, I have not the least doubt that we should have adorned a tale instead of telling one. The crime of assassination is not confined to Portugal : in Sicily and Malta we are knocked on the head at a handsome average every night, and not a Sicilian or Maltese is ever punished !

4. The convention of Cintra was signed in the palace of the Marchese Marialva.

5. The extent of Mafra is prodigious ; it contains a palace, convent, and most superb church.

6. As I found the Portuguese, so I have characterized them. That they are since improved, at least in courage is evident.

7. Count Julian's daughter, the Helen of Spain, Pelagius preserved his independence in the fastnesses of the Asturias, and the descendants of his followers, after

some centuries, completed their struggle by the conquest of Grenada.

8. "Viva el Rey Fernando!"—Long live King Ferdinand! is the chorus of most of the Spanish Patriotic songs.

9. The red cockade with "Fernando Septimo" in the centre.

10. All who have seen a battery will recollect the pyramidal form in which shot and shells are piled. The Sierra Morena was fortified in every defile through which I passed in my way to Seville.

11. Such were the exploits of the maid of Saragoza. When the author was at Seville, she walked daily on the Prado, decorated with medals and orders, by command of the Junta.

12. *Sigilla in mento impressa Amoris digitulo
Vestigio demonstrant Mollitudinum.*

AUL. GEL.

13. These stanzas were written in Castri (Delphos,) at the foot of Parnassus now called Liakura.

14. Seville was the HISPALIS of the Romans.

15. This was written at Thebes, and consequently in the best situation for asking and answering such a question, not as the birth-place of Pindar, but as the capital of Boeotia, where the first riddle was propounded and solved.

16. "Medio de fonte leporum
"Sargit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat." LUC.

17. Alluding to the conduct and death of Solano, the governor of Cadiz.

18. "War to the knife." Palafox's answer to the French General at the siege of Saragoza.

19. The honourable I* W** of the Guards, whodied of a fever at Coimbra. I had known him ten years, the better half of his life, and the happiest part of mine.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

A ROMAUNT.

CANTO II.

I.

COME, blue-eyed maid of heaven!—but thou alas!—
Didst never yet one mortal song inspire—
Goddess of Wisdom! here thy temple was,
And is, despite of war and wasting fire, (1)
And years, that bade thy worship to expire:
But worse than steel, and flame, and ages slow,
Is the dread sceptre and dominion dire
Of men who never felt the sacred glow [bestow. (2)]
That thoughts of thee and thine on polish'd breasts

II.

Ancient of days! august Athena! where,
Where are thy men of might? thy grand in soul?
Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that
First in the race that led to Glory's gaol [were:
They won, and pass'd away—is this the whole?
A school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour!
The warrior's weapon and the sophist's stole
Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower,
Dim with the mist of years, grey fits the shade of power.

III.

Son of the morning, rise ! approach you here !
 Come—but molest not you defenceless urn :
 Look on this spot—a nation's sepulchre !
 Abode of Gods, whose shrines no longer burn.
 Even Gods must yield—religions take their turn :
 'Twas Jove's—'tis Mahomet's—and other creeds
 Will rise with other years, till man shall learn
 Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds ; [reeds.
 Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope is built on

IV.

Bound to the earth, he lifts his eye to heaven—
 Is't not enough, unhappy thing ! to know
 Thou art ? Is this a boon so kindly given,
 That being, thou wouldest be again, and go,
 Thou know'st not, reck'st not to what region, so
 On earth no more, but mingled with the skies ?
 Still wilt thou dream on future joy and woe ?
 Regard and weigh yon dust before it flies :
 That little urn saith more than thousand homilies.

V.

Or burst the vanish'd Hero's lofty mound ;
 Far on the solitary shore he sleeps : (3)
 He fell, and falling nations mourn'd around ;
 But now not one of saddening thousands weeps,
 Nor warlike-worshipper his vigil keeps
 Where demi-gods appear'd, as records tell.
 Remove yon skull from out the scatter'd heaps,
 Is that a temple where a God may dwell ?
 Why ev'n the worm at last despairs her shatter'd cell !

VI.

Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,
 Its chambers desolate, and portals foul :
 Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,
 The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul :
 Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,
 The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit
 And Passion's host, that never brook'd control ;
 Can all, saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
 People this lonely tower, this tenement resist ?

VII.

Well didst thou speak, Athena's wisest son !
 " All that we know is, nothing can be known."
 Why should we shrink from what we cannot shun?
 Each has his pang, but feeble sufferers groan
 With brain-born dreams of evil all their own.
 Pursue what Chance or Fate proclaimeth best ;
 Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron :
 There no forc'd banquet claims the sated guest,
 But Silence spreads the couch of ever welcome rest.

VIII.

Yet if, as holiest men have deemed there be
 A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
 To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee
 And sophists, madly vain of dubious lore ;
 How sweet it were in concert to adore
 With those who made our mortal labours light !
 To hear each voice we fear'd to hear no more !
 Behold each mighty shade reveal'd to sight,
 The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught the right !

IX.

There, thou!—whose love and life together fled,
 Have left me here to love and live in vain,—
 Twin'd with my heart, and can I deem thee dead,
 When busy Memory flashes on my brain ?
 Well—I will dream that we may meet again,
 And woo the vision to my vacant breast :
 If aught of young Remembrance then remain,
 Be as it may Futurity's behest,
 For me 'twere bliss enough to know thy spirit blest !

X.

Here let me sit upon this massy stone,
 The marble column's yet unshaken base ;
 Here, son of Saturn ! was thy fav'rite throne : (4)
 Mightiest of many such ! Heace let me trace
 The latent grandeur of thy dwelling place.
 It may not be : nor ev'n can Fancy's eye
 Restore what Time hath labour'd to deface.
 Yet these proud pillars claim no passing sigh,
 Unmov'd the Moslem sits, the light Greek carols by.

XI.

But who, of all the plunderers of yon fane
 On high, where Pallas linger'd loth to flee
 The latest relic of her ancient reign ;
 The last, the worst, dull spoiler, who was he ?
 Blush, Caledonia ! such thy son could be !
 England, I joy no child he was of thine ;
 Thy free-born men should spare what once was free ;
 Yet they could violate each saddening shrine,
 And bear these altars o'er the long-reluctant brine. (5)

XII.

But most the modern Pict's ignoble boast,
 To rive what Goth, and Turk, and Time hath spar'd; (6)
 Could as the crags upon his native coast,
 His mind as barren and his heart as hard,
 Is he whose head conceiv'd, whose hand prepar'd,
 Aught to displace Athena's poor remains ;
 Her sons to weak the sacred shrine to guard,
 Yet felt some portion of their mother's pains, (7)
 And never knew, till then, the weight of Despot's chains.

XIII.

What ! shall it e'er be said by British tongue,
 Albion was happy in Athena's tears ?
 Though in thy name the slaves her bosom wrung,
 Tell not the deed to blushing Europe's ears ;
 The ocean queen, the free Britannia bears
 The last poor plunder from a bleeding land ;
 Yea, she, whose gen'rous aid her name endears,
 Tore down those remnants with a Harpy's hand,
 Which envious El'd forbore, and tyrants left to stand.

XIV.

Where was thine *Ægis*, Pallas ! that appall'd
 Stern Alaric and Havoc on their way ? (8)
 Where Peleus' son ? whom Hell in vain enthrall'd,
 His shade from Hades upon that dread day,
 Bursting to light in terrible array !
 What ! could not Pluto spare the chief once more,
 To scare a second robber from his prey ?
 Idly he wander'd on the Stygian shore
 Nor now preserv'd the walls he lov'd to shield before.

XV.

Cold is the heart, fair Greece ! that looks on thee,
 Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they lov'd ;
 Dull is the eye that will not weep to see
 Thy walls defac'd, thy mouldering shrines remov'd
 By British hands, which it had best behov'd
 To guard those relics ne'er to be restor'd.
 Curst be the hour when from their isle they rov'd,
 And once again thy hapless bosom gor'd, [horr'd !
 And snatch'd thy shrinking Gods to northern climes ab-

XVI.

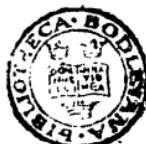
But where is Harold? shall I then forget
 To urge the gloomy wanderer o'er the wave ?
 Little reck'd he of all that men regret ;
 No lov'd-one now in feign'd lament could rave ;
 No friend the parting hand extended gave,
 Ere the cold stranger pass'd to other climes ;
 Hard is his heart whom charms may not enslave ;
 But Harold felt not as in other times,
 And left without a sigh the land of war and crimes.

XVII.

He that has sail'd upon the dark blue sea,
 Has view'd at times, I ween, a full fair sight ;
 When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,
 The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight ?
 Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the right,
 The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,
 The convoy spread like wild swans in their flight,
 The dullest sailer wearing bravely now,
 So gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow.

XVIII.

And oh, the little warlike world within !
 'The well-reev'd guns, the netted canopy, (9)
 The hoarse command, the busy humming din,
 When, at a word, the tops are mann'd on high ;
 Hark to the Boatswain's call, the cheering cry !
 While through the seaman's hand the tackle glides ;
 Or school-boy Midshipman that standing by,
 Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides,
 And well the docile crew that skilful urchin guides.



XIX.

White is the glassy deck, without a stain,
 Where on the watch the staid Lieutenant walks
 Look on that part which sacred doth remain
 For the lone chieftain, who majestic stalks,
 Silent and fear'd by all—not oft he talks
 With aught beneath him, if he would preserve
 That strict restraint, which broken, ever balks
 Conquest and Fame : but Britons rarely swerve [nerve.
 From Law, however stern, which tends their strength to

XX.

Blow ! swiftly blow, thou keel-compelling gale !
 Till the broad sun withdraws his lessening ray ;
 Then must the pennant-bearer slacken sail,
 That lagging barks may make their lazy way.
 Ah, grievance sore, and listless dull delay,
 To waste on sluggish hulks the sweetest breeze !
 What leagues are lost before the dawn of day,
 Thus loitering pensive on the willing seas,
 The flapping sail haul'd down to halt for logs like these !

XXI.

The moon is up ; by Heaven a lovely eve !
 Long streams of light o'er dancing waves expand ;
 Now lads on shore may sigh, and maids believe :
 Such be our fate when we return to land !
 Meantime some rude Arion's restless hand
 Wakes the brisk harmony that sailors love ;
 A circle there of merry listeners stand,
 Or to some well-known measure feately move,
 Thoughtless, as if on shore they still were free to rove.

XXII.

Through Calpe's straits survey the steepy shore ;
 Europe and Afric on each other gaze !
 Lands of the dark-eyed Maid and dusky Moor
 Alike beheld beneath pale Hecate's blaze :
 How softly on the Spanish shore she plays,
 Disclosing rock, and slope, and forest brown,
 Distinct, though darkening with her waning phase ;
 But Mauritania's giant-shadows frown,
 From mountain-cliff to coast descending sombre down.

XXIII.

"Tis night, when Meditation bids us feel
 We once have lov'd, though love is at an end ;
 The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,
 Though friendless now, will dream it had a friend.
 Who with the weight of years would wish to bend,
 When Youth itself survives young Love and Joy ?
 Alas ! when mingling souls forget to blend,
 Death hath but little left him to destroy !
 Ah ! happy years ! once more who would not be a boy ?

XXIV.

Thus beuding o'er the vessel's laving side,
 To gaze on Dian's wave-reflectèd sphere ;
 The soul forgets her schemes of Hope and Pride,
 And flies unconscious o'er each backward year.
 None are so desolate but something dear,
 Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd
 A thought, and claims the homage of a tear ;
 A flashing pang ! of which the weary breast
 Would still, albeit in vain, the heavy heart divest.

XXV.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
 To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
 Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
 And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely been ;
 To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
 With the wild flock that never needs a fold ;
 Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean ;
 This is not solitude ; 'tis but to hold [roll'd.
 Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores un-

XXVI.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
 To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
 And roam along, the world's tir'd denizen,
 With none who bless us, none whom we can bless ;
 Minions of splendour shrinking from distress !
 None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
 If we were not, would seem to smile the less
 Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought and sued ;
 This is to be alone ; this, this is solitude !

XXVII.

More blest the life of godly Eremit,
 Such as on lonely Athos may be seen,
 Watching at Eve upon the giant height,
 That looks o'er waves so blue, skies so serene,
 That he who there at such an hour hath been
 Will wistful linger on that hallow'd spot;
 Then slowly tear him from the'witching scene,
 Sigh forth one wish that such had been his lot,
 Then turn to hate a world he had almost forgot.

XXVIII.

Pass we the long, unvarying course, the track
 Oft trod, that never leaves a trace behind;
 Pass we the calm, the gale, the change, the tack,
 And each well known caprice of wave and wind;
 Pass we the joys and sorrows sailors find,
 Coop'd in their winged sea-girt citadel;
 The foul, the fair, the contrary, the kind,
 As breezes rise and fall and billows swell,
 Till on some jocund morn—lo, land! and all is well.

XXIX.

But not in silence pass Calypso's isles, (10)
 The sister tenants of the midlife deep;
 There for the weary still a haven smiles,
 Though the fair goddess long hath ceas'd to weep,
 And o'er her cliffs a fruitless watch to keep
 For him who dar'd prefer a mortal bride;
 Here, too, his boy essay'd the dreadful leap
 Stern Mentor urg'd from high to yonder tide,
 While thus of both bereft, the nymph-queen doubly sigh'd.

XXX.

Her reign is past, her gentle glories gone;
 But trust not this; too easy youth, beware!
 A mortal sovereign holds her dangerous throne,
 And thou may'st find a new Calypso there.
 Sweet Florence! could another ever share
 This wayward, loveless heart, it would be thine;
 But check'd by every tie, I may not dare
 To cast a worthless offering at thy shrine,
 Nor ask so dear a breast to feel one pang for mine.

XXXI.

Thus Harold deem'd as on that lady's eye
 He look'd, and met its beam without a thought,
 Save Admiration glancing harmless by ;
 Love kept aloof, albeit not far remote,
 Who knew his votary often lost and caught,
 But knew him as his worshipper no more,
 And ne'er again the boy his bosom sought ;
 Since now he vainly urg'd him to adore,
 Well deem'd the little God his ancient sway was o'er.

XXXII.

Fair Florence found, in sooth with some amaze,
 One who, 'twas said, still sigh'd to all he saw,
 Withstand, unmov'd, the lustre of her gaze,
 Which others hail'd with real, or mimic awe,
 Their hope, their doom, their punishment, their law ;
 All that gay beauty from her bondsmen claims :
 And much she marvell'd that a youth so raw,
 Nor felt, nor feign'd at least, the oft-told flames,
 Which, though sometimes they frown, yet rarely anger
[dames,

XXXIII.

Little knew she that seeming marble-heart,
 Now mask'd in silence or withheld by pride,
 Was not unskillful in the spoiler's art,
 And spread its snares licentious far and wide ;
 Nor from the base pursuit had turn'd aside,
 As long as aught was worthy to pursue :
 But Harold on such arts no more relied ;
 And had he doated on those eyes so blue,
 Yet never would he join the lover's whining crew.

XXXIV.

Not much he kens, I ween, of won:an's breast,
 Who thinks that wanton thing is won by sighs ;
 What careth she for hearts when once possess'd ?
 Do proper homage to thine idol's eyes ;
 But not too humbly, or she will despise
 Thee and thy suit, though told in moving tropes ;
 Disguise ev'n tenderness, if thou art wise,
 Brisk Confidence still best with woman copes ; [hopes.
 Pique her and soothe in turn, soon Passion crowns thy

XXXV.

'Tis an old lesson ; Time approves it true,
 And those who know it best, deplore it most ;
 When all is won that all desire to woo,
 The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost ;
 Youth wasted, minds degraded, honour lost,
 These are thy fruits, successful Passion ! these !
 If, kindly cruel, early Hope is crost,
 Still to the last it rankles, a disease,
 Not to be cur'd when Love itself forgets to please.

XXXVI.

Away ! nor let me loiter in my song,
 For we have many a mountain-path to tread,
 And many a varied shore to sail, along,
 By pensive Sadness, not by Fiction, led—
 Climes, fair withal as ever mortal head
 Imagin'd in its little schemes of thought ;
 Or e'er in new Utopias were ared,
 To teach man what he might be, or he ought ;
 If that corrupted thing could ever such be taught.

XXXVII.

Dear Nature is the kindest mother still,
 Though alway changing, in her aspect mild ;
 From her bare bosom let me take my fill,
 Her never-wean'd, though not her favour'd child.
 Oh ! she is fairest in her features wild,
 Where nothing polish'd dares pollute her path ;
 To me by day or night she ever smil'd,
 Though I have mark'd her when none other hath,
 And sought her more and more, and lov'd her best in wrath.

XXXVIII.

Land of Albania !(11) where Iskander rose,
 Theme of the young, and beacon of the wise,
 And he his name-sake, whose oft-baffled foes
 Shrunk from his deeds of chivalrous emprise ;
 Land of Albania ! let me bend mine eyes
 On thee, thou rugged nurse of savage men !
 The cross descends, thy minarets arise,
 And the pale crescent sparkles in the glen,
 Through many a cypress grove within each city's ken.

XXXIX.

Childe Harold sail'd, and pass'd the barren spot, (12)
 Where sad Penelope o'erlook'd the wave ;
 And onward view'd the mount not yet forgot,
 The lover's refuge, and the Lesbian's grave.
 Dark Sappho ! could not verse immortal save
 That breast imbued with such immortal fire ?
 Could she not live who life eternal gave ?
 If life eternal may await the lyre,
 That only Heaven to which Earth's children may aspire.

XL.

Was on a Grecian autumn's gentle eve
 Childe Harold hail'd Leucadia's cape afar ;
 A spot he long'd to see, nor car'd to leave :
 Oft did he mark the scenes of vanish'd war,
 Actium, Lepanto, fatal Trafalgar ; (13)
 Mark them unmov'd, for he would not delight
 (Born beneath some remote inglorious star)
 In themes of bloody fray, or gallant fight, [wight.
 But loath'd the bravo's trade, and laugh'd at martial

XLI.

But when he saw the evening star above
 Leucadia's far projecting rock of woe,
 And hail'd the last resort of fruitless love, (14)
 He felt, or deem'd he felt, no common glow :
 And as the stately vessel glided slow
 Beneath the shadow of that ancient mount,
 He watch'd the billows melancholy flow,
 And, sunk albeit in thought as he was wont,
 More placid seem'd his eye, and smooth his pallid front.

XLII.

Morn dawns ; and with it stern Albania's hills,
 Dark Sulis' rocks, and Pindus' inland peak,
 Rob'd half in mist, bedew'd with snowy rills,
 Array'd in many a dun and purple streak,
 Arise ; and, as the clouds along them break :
 Disclose the dwelling of the mountaineer ;
 Here roams the wolf, the eagle whets his beak,
 Birds, beasts of prey, and wilder men appear,
 And gathering storms around convulse the closing year.

XLIII.

Now Harold felt himself at length alone,
 And bade to Christian tongues a long adieu ;
 Now he adventur'd on a shooe unknoon,
 Which all admire, but many dread to view :
 His breast was arm'd 'gainst fate, his wants were few;
 Peril he sought not, but ne'er shrank to meet,
 The scene was savage, but the scene was new ;
 This made the ceaseless toil of travel sweet, [heat.
 Beat back keen winter's blast, and welcom'd summer's

XLIV.

Here the red cross, for still the cross is here,
 Though sadly scoff'd at by the circumcis'd,
 Forgets that pride to pamper'd Priesthood dear ;
 Churchman and votary alike despis'd.
 Foul Superstition ! howsoe'er disguis'd,
 Idol, saint, virgin, prophet, crescent, cross,
 For whatsoe'er symbol thou art priz'd,
 Thou sacerdotal gain, but general loss !
 Who from true worship's gold can separate thy dross ?

XLV.

Ambracia's gulph behold, where once was lost
 A world for woman, lovely, harmless thing !
 In yonder rippling bay, their naval host
 Did many a Roman Chief and Asian king, (15)
 To doubtful conflict, certain slaughter bring :
 Look where the second Cæsar's trophies rose ! (16)
 Now, like the hands that rear'd them, withering,
 Imperial Anarchs, doubling human woes !
 God ! was thy globe ordain'd, for such to win and lose !

XLVI.

From the dark barriers of that rugged clime,
 Ev'n to the centre of Illyria's vales,
 Childe Harold pass'd o'er many a mount sublime,
 Through lands scarce notic'd in historic tales,
 Yet in fam'd Attica such lovely dales,
 Are rarely seen ; nor can fair Tempe boast
 A charm they know not ; lov'd Parnassus fails,
 Though classic ground and consecrated most,
 To match some spots, that lurk within this lowering coast.

XLVII.

He pass'd bleak Pindus, Achrusia's lake, (17)
 And left the primal city of the land,
 And onwards did his further journey take
 To greet Albania's chief, (18) whose dread command
 Is lawless law ; for with a bloody hand
 He sways a nation, turbulent and bold ;
 Yet here and there some daring mountain band
 Disdain his power, and from their rocky hold
 Hurl their defiance far, nor yield, unless to gold. (19)

XLVIII.

Monastic Zitza ! (20) from thy shady brow,
 Thou small, but favour'd spot of holy ground !
 Where'er we gaze, around, above, below,
 What rainbow tints, what magic charms are found !
 Rock, river, forest, mountain, all abound
 And bluest skies that harmonize the whole ;
 Beneath, the distant torrent's rushing sound
 Tells where the volum'd cataract doth roll [soul],
 Between those hanging rocks, that shock yet please the

XLIX.

Amidst the grove that crowns yon tufted hill,
 Which were it not for many a mountain nigh
 Rising in lofty ranks, and loftier still,
 Might well itself be deem'd of dignity,
 The convent's white walls glisten fair on high ;
 Here dwells the caloyer, (21) nor rude is he,
 Nor niggard of his cheer ; the passer by
 Is welcome still ; nor heedless will be flee
 From hence, if he delight kind Nature's sheen to see.

L.

Here in the sultriest season let him rest,
 Fresh is the green beneath those aged trees ;
 Here winds of gentlest wing will fan his breast,
 From heaven itself he may inhale the breeze ;
 The plain is far beneath—oh ! let him seize
 Pure pleasure while he can ; the scorching ray
 Here pierceth not, impregnate with disease ;
 Then let his length the loitering pilgrim lay,
 And gaze, untired, the morn, the noon, the eve away.

LI.

Dusky and huge, enlarging on the sight,
 Nature's volcanic amphitheatre, (22)
 Chimæra's alps extend from left to right :
 Beneath, a living valley seems to stir ;
 Flocks play, trees wave, streams flow, the mountain fir
 Nodding above, behold black Acheron ! (23)
 Once consecrated to the sepulchre.
 Pluto ! if this be hell I look upon, [none !
 Close sham'd Elysium's gates, my shade shall seek for

LII.

Ne city's towers pollute the lovely view ;
 Unseen is Yanina, though not remote,
 Veil'd by the screen of hills : here men are few,
 Scanty the hamlet, rare the lonely cot ;
 But, peering down each precipice, the goat
 Browseth ? and, pensive o'er his scattered flock,
 The little shepherd in his white capote (24)
 Doth lean his boyish form along the rock,
 Or in his cave awaits the tempest's short liv'd shock..

LIII.

Oh ! where, Dodona ! is thine aged grove,
 Prophetic fount, and oracle divine ?
 What valley echo'd the response of Jove ?
 What trace remaineth of the thunderer's shrine ?
 Ah, all forgotten—and shall man repine
 That his frail bonds to fleeting life are broke ?
 Cease, fool ! the fate of Gods may well be thine :
 Wouldst thou survive the marble or the oak ? [stroke.
 When nations, tongues, and worlds must sink beneath the

LIV.

Epirus' bounds recede, and mountains fail ;
 Tir'd of up-gazing still, the wearied eye
 Reposes gladly on as smooth a vale
 As every spring yclad in grassy dye :
 Ev'n on a plain no humble beauties lie,
 Where some bold river breaks the long expanse,
 And woods along the banks are waving high.
 Whose shadows in the glassy waters dance, [trance.
 Or wth the moon-beam sleep in midnight's solemn

L.V.

The sun had sunk behind vast Tomerit, (25)
 And Laos wide and fierce came roaring by ; (26)
 The shades of wonted night were gathering yet,
 When, down the steep banks winding warily,
 Childe Harold saw, like meteors in the sky,
 The glittering minarets of Tepalen,
 Whose walls o'ertook the stream ; and drawing nigh,
 He heard the busy hum of warrior-men [glen.
 Swelling the breeze that sighed along the lengthening

L.VI.

He pass'd the sacred Haram's silent tower,
 And underneath the wide o'erarching gate
 Survey'd the dwelling of this chief of power,
 Where all around proclaim'd his high estate.
 Amidst no common pomp the despot sate,
 While busy preparation shook the court
 Slaves, eunuchs, soldiers, guests, and santons wait ;
 Within, a palace, and without, a fort ;
 Here men of every clime appear to make resort.

L.VII.

Richly caparison'd, a ready row
 Of armed horse, and many a warlike store
 Circled the wide extending court below ;
 Above, strange groups adorn'd the corridore ;
 And oft-times through the Area's echoing door
 Some high capp'd Tartar spurr'd his steed away ;
 The Turk, the Greek, the Albanian, and the Moor,
 Here mingled in their many hued array, [day.
 While the deep war drum's sound announc'd the close of

L.VIII.

The wild Albanian kirtled to his knee,
 With shawl girt head and ornamented gun,
 And gold embroider'd garments, fair to see ;
 The crimson-scarfed men of Macedon ;
 The Delhi with his cap of terror on,
 And crooked glaive ; the lively, supple Greek ;
 And swarthy Nubia's mutilated son ;
 The bearded Turk that rarely deigns to speak,
 Master of all around, too potent to be meek,

LIX.

Are mix'd conspicuous: some recline in groups,
 Scanning the motley scene that varies round;
 There some grave Moslem to devotion stoops,
 And some that smoke, and some that play, are found;
 Here the Albanian, proudly treads the ground;
 Half whispering there the Greek is heard to prate;
 Hark! from the mosque the mighty solemn sound,
 The Muezzin's call doth shake the minaret, [great!]
 "There is no god but God!—to prayer—lo! God is

LX.

Just at this season Ramazani's fast
 Through the long day its penance did maintain,
 But when the lingering twilight hour was past,
 Revel and feast assum'd the rule again;
 Now all was bustle, and the menial train
 Prepar'd and spread the plenteous board within:
 The vacant gallery now seem'd made in vain,
 But from the chambers came the mingling din,
 As page and slave anon were passing out and in.

LXI.

Here woman's voice is never heard apart,
 And scarce permitted, guarded, veil'd, to move,
 She yields to one her person and her heart,
 'Tis d to her cage, nor feels a wish to rove:
 For, not unhappy in her master's love,
 And joyful in a mother's gentlest cares,
 Blest cares! all other feelings far above!
 Herself more sweetly rears the babe she bears,
 Who never quits the breast, no meaner passion shares.

LXII.

In marble-pav'd pavillion, where a spring,
 Of living water from the centre rose,
 Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling,
 And soft voluptuous couches breath'd repose,
 ALI reclin'd, a man of war and woes;
 Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace,
 While Gentleness her milder radiance throws.
 Along that aged venerable face,
 The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him with disgrace.

LXIII.

It is not that yon hoary lengthening beard
 Ill suits the passions which belong to youth ;
 Love conquers age—so Hafiz hath averr'd,
 So sings the Teian, and he sings in sooth—
 But crimes that scorn the tender voice of Ruth,
 Beseeming all men ill, but most the man
 In years, have marked him with a tyger's tooth ;
 Blood follows blood, and, through their mortal span,
 In bloodier acts conclude those who with blood began

LXIV.

'Mid many things most new to ear and eye
 The pilgrim rested here his weary feet,
 And gaz'd around on Moslem luxury,
 Till quickly wearied with that spacious seat
 Of Wealth and Wantonness, the choice retreat
 Of sated Grandeur, from the city's noise :
 And were it humbler it in sooth were sweet ;
 But Peace abhorreth artificial joys, [destroys.
 And Pleasure, leagued with Pomp, the zest of both

LXV.

Fierce are Albania's children, yet they lack
 Not virtues, were those virtues more mature,
 Where is the foe that ever saw their back ?
 Who can so well the toil of war endure ?
 Their native fastnesses not more secure
 Than they in doubtful time of troublous need :
 Their wrath how deadly ! but their friendship sure,
 When Gratitude or Valour bids them bleed,
 Unshaken rushing on where'er their chief may lead.

LXVI.

Childe Harold saw them in their chieftain's tower
 Stronging to war in splendour and success ;
 And after view'd them, when, within their power,
 Himself awhile the victim of distress ;
 That saddening hour when bad men hotlier press :
 But these did shelter him beneath their roof,
 When less barbarians would have cheered him less,
 And fellow countrymen have stood aloof—(27) [proof !
 In aught that tries the heart how few withstand the

LXVII.

It chanc'd that adverse winds once drove his bark
 Full on the coast of Suli's shaggy shore,
 When all around was desolate and dark ;
 To land was perilous, to sojourn more ;
 Yet for awhile the mariners forbore,
 Dubious to trust where treachery might lurk :
 At length they ventur'd forth, though doubting sore
 That those who loathe alike the Frank and Turk
 Might once again renew their ancient butcher work.

LXVIII.

Vain fear ! the Suliotes stretch'd the welcome hand,
 Led them o'er rocks and past the dangerous swamp,
 Kinder than polish'd slaves though not so bland,
 And pil'd the hearth, and wrung the garments damp,
 And fill'd the bowl, and trimm'd the cheerful lamp,
 And spread their fare ; though homely, all they had ;
 Such conduct bears Philanthropy's rare stamp—
 To rest the weary and to soothe the sad,
 Doth lesson happier men, and shames at least the bad.

LXIX.

It came to pass, that when he did address
 Himself to quit at length this mountain-land,
 Combin'd marauders half way barr'd egress,
 And wasted far and near with glaive and brand ;
 And therefore did he take a trusty band
 To traverse Acarnania's forest wide,
 In war well season'd, and with labours un'd,
 Till he did greet white Achelons' tide,
 And from his further bank Etolia's wolds espied.

LXX.

Where lone Utraiky forms its circling cove,
 And weary waves retire to gleam at rest,
 How brown the foliage of the green hill's grove
 Nodding at midnight o'er the calm bays breast,
 As winds come lightly whispering from the west,
 Kissing, not ruffling, the blue deep serene ;—
 Herc Harold was receiv'd a welcome guest ;
 Nor did he pass unmov'd the gentle scene,
 For many a joy could he from Night's soft presence glen.

LXXI.

On the smooth shore the night fires brightly blaz'd,
 The feast was done, the red wine circling fast, (28)
 And he that unawares had there ygaz'd
 With gaping wonderment had star'd aghast :
 For ere night's midmost, stillest hour was past
 The native revels of the troop began ;
 Each Palikar (29) his sabre from him cast,
 And bounding hand in hand, man link'd to man,
 Yelling their uncouth dirge, long daunc'd the kirtled clan.

LXXII.

Childe Harold at a little distance stood
 And view'd, but not displeas'd, the revelrie,
 Nor hated harmless mirth, however rude :
 In sooth, it was no vulgar sight to see
 Their barbarous, yet their not indecent, glee,
 And, as the flames along their faces gleam'd,
 Their gestures nimble, dark eyes flashing free,
 The long wild locks that to their girdles streamed,
 While thus in concert they this lay half sang, half
 scream'd. (30)

1.

(31) TAMBOURG ! Tambourgi !* thy 'larum afar
 Gives hope to the valiant, and promise of war ;
 All the sons of the mountains arise at the note,
 Chimariot, Illyrian, and dark Suliote !

2.

Oh ! who is more brave than a dark Suliote,
 In his snowy camese and his shaggy capote ?
 To the wolf and the vulture he leaves his wild flock,
 And descends to the plain like the stream from the rock.

3.

Shall the sons of Chimari, who never forgive
 The fault of a friend, bid an enemy live ?
 Let those guns so unerring such vengeance forego ?
 What mark is so fair as the breast of a foe ?

4.

Macedonia sends forth her invincible race ;
 For a time they abandon the cave and the chase :
 But those scarfs of blood-red shall be redder, before
 The sabre is sheath'd and the battle is o'er.

* Drummer.

5.

Then the pirates of Parga that dwell by the waves,
And teach the pale Franks what it is to be slaves,
Shall leave on the beach the long galley and oar,
And track to his covert the captive on shore.

6.

I ask not the pleasures that riches supply,
My sabre shall win what the feeble must buy,
Shall win the young bride with her long flowing hair,
And many a maid from her mother shall tear.

7.

I love the fair face of the maid in her youth,
Her caresses shall lull me, her music shall sooth ;
Let her bring from the chamber her many ton'd lyre,
And sing us a song on the fall of her sire.

8.

Remember the moment when Previsa fell, (32)
The shrieks of the conquer'd, the conquerors' yell ;
The roofs that we fir'd, and the plunder we shar'd,
The wealthy we slaughter'd, the lovely we spar'd.

9.

I talk not of mercy, I talk not of fear ;
He neither must know who would serve the Vizier.
Since the days of our prophet the Crescent ne'er saw
A chief ever glorious like Ali Pashaw.

10.

Dark Muchtar his son to the Danube is sped,
Let the yellow-hair'd* Giaours † view his horsetail ‡
with dread ;
When his Delhis § come dashing in blood o'er the banks
How few shall escape from the Muscovite ranks !

11.

Selictar !* * unsheathe then our chief's scimitar.
Tambouri ! thy 'larum gives promise of war
Ye mountains, that see us descend to the shore,
Shall view us as victors, or view us no more !

* Yellow is the epithet given to the Russians. † Infidel,

‡ Horse tails are the insignia of a Pacha.

§ Horsemen, answering to our forlorn hope.

* * Sword-bearer,

LXXXIII.

Fair Greece ! sad relic of departed worth ! (33)
 Immortal, though no more ; though fallen, great !
 Who now shall lead thy scatter'd children forth,
 And long accustom'd bondage uncreate ;
 Not such thy sons who whilome did await,
 The hopeless warriors of a willing doom,
 In bleak Thermopyle's sepulchral strait—
 Oh ! who that gallant spirit shall resume,
 Leap from Eurota's banks, and call thee from the tomb ?

LXXXIV.

Spirit of freedom ! when on Phyle's brow (34)
 Thou sat'st with Thrasylus and his train,
 Couldst thou forbode the dismal hour which now
 Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain ?
 Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,
 But every carle can lord it o'er thy land ;
 Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,
 Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish hand,
 From birth till death enslav'd: in word, in deed unmann'd.

LXXXV.

In all save form alone, and chang'd ! and who
 That marks the fire still sparkling in each eye,
 Who but would deem their bosoms burned anew
 With thy unquenched beam, lost liberty ?
 And many dream withal the hour is nigh
 That gives them back their father's heritage ;
 For foreign arms and aid they fondly sigh,
 Nor sorely dare encounter hostile rage.
 Or tear the name defil'd from slavery's mournful page.

LXXXVI.

Hereditary bondsmen ! know ye not
 Who would be free themselves must strike the blow ;
 By their right arms the conquest must be wrought ?
 Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye ? no !
 True, they may lay your proud despoilers low,
 But, not for you will Freedom's altars flame.
 Shades of the Helots ! triumph o'er your foe !
 Greece ! change thy lords, thy state is still the same ;
 Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thine years of shame.

LXXVII.

The city won for Allah from the Giaour,
 The Giaour from Othman's race again may wrest ;
 And the Serai's impenetrable tower,
 Receive the fiery Frank, her former guest ; (35)
 Or Wahab's rebel brood who dared divest
 The (36) prophet's tomb of all its pious spoil,
 May wind the path of blood along the West ;
 But ne'er will freedom seek this fated soil,
 But slaves succeed to slave through years of endless toil.

LXXVIII.

Yet mark their mirth—ere lenten days begin,
 That penance which their holy rites prepare
 To shrive from man his weight of mortal sin,
 By daily abstinence and nightly prayer ;
 But ere his sackcloth garb Repentance wear,
 Some days of joyaunce are decreed to all,
 To take of pleasaunce each his secret share,
 In motley robe to dance at masking ball,
 And join the mimic train of merry Carnival.

LXXIX.

And whose more rife with merriment than thine,
 Oh Stamboul ! once the empress of their reign ?
 Though turbans now pollute Sophia's shrine,
 And Greece her very altars eyes in vain :
 (Alas ! her woes will still pervade my strain !)
 Gay were her minstrels once, for free her throng,
 All felt the common joy they now must feign,
 Nor oft I've seen such sight, nor heard such song,
 As woo'd the eye, and thrill'd the Bosphorus along.

LXXX.

Loud was the lightsome tumult of the shore,
 Oft Musie chang'd, but never ceas'd her tone,
 And timely echo'd back the measur'd oar,
 And rippling waters made a pleasant moan ;
 The Queen of tides on high consenting shone,
 And when a transient breeze swept o'er the wave,
 'Twas, as if darting from her heavenly throne,
 A brighter glance her form reflected gave,
 Till sparkling billows seem'd to light the banks they lave.

LXXXI.

Glanc'd many a light caique along the foam,
 Danc'd on the shore the daughters of the land,
 Ne thought had man or maid of rest or home,
 While many a languid eye and thrilling hand
 Exchang'd the look few bosoms may withstand,
 Or gently prest, return'd the pressure still.
 Oh Love ! young Love ! bound in thy rosy band,
 Let sage or cynic prattle as he will,
 These hours, and only these, redeem Life's years of ill!

LXXXII.

But, midst the throng in merry masquerade,
 Lurk there no hearts that throb with secret pain,
 Even through the closest searment half betrayed?
 To such the gentle murmurs of the main
 Seem to re-echo all they mourn in vain ;
 To such the gladness of the gamesome crowd
 Is source of wayward thought and stern disdain :
 How do they loathe the laughter idly loud,
 And long to change the robe of revel for the shroud !

LXXXIII.

This must he feel, the true-born son of Greece,
 If Greece one true-born patriot still can boast :
 Not such as prate of war, but skulk in peace,
 The bondsman's peace, who sighs for all he lost,
 Yet with smooth smile his tyrant can accost,
 And wield the slavish sickle, not the sword :
 Ah ! Greece ! they love thee least who owe thee most ;
 Their birth, their blood, and that sublime record
 Of hero sires, who shame thy now degenerate horde !

LXXXIV.

When riseth Lacedemon's hardihood,
 When Thebes Epaminondas rears again,
 When Athens' children are with hearts endued,
 When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men,
 Then may'st thou be restored ; but not till then.
 A thousand years scarce serve to form a state ;
 An hour may lay it in the dust : and when
 Can man its shatter'd splendour renovate,
 Recal its virtues back, and vanquish Time and Fate ;

LXXXV.

And yet how lovely in thine age of woe,
 Land of lost gods and godlike men ! art thou !
 Thy vales of ever green, thy hills of snow (37)
 Proclaim thee Nature's varied favourite now ;
 Thy fanes, thy temples to thy surface bow,
 Commingling slowly with heroic earth,
 Broke by the share of every rustic plough ;
 So perish monuments of mortal birth,
 So perish all in turn, save well recorded Worth ;

LXXXVI.

Save where some solitary column mourns
 Above its prostrate brethren of the cave ; (38)
 Save where Tritonia's airy shrine adorns
 Colonna's cliff, and gleams along the wave :
 Save o'er some warrior's half forgotten grave,
 Where the grey stones and unmolested grass
 Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave,
 While strangers only not regardless pass,
 Linger like me, perchance, to gaze, and sigh " Alas ! "

LXXXVII.

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild ;
 Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,
 Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smil'd,
 And still his bonied wealth Hymettus yields ;
 There the blythe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
 The freeborn wanderer of thy mountain-air ;
 Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
 Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare ;
 Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair.

LXXXVIII.

Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground ;
 No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
 But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
 And all the Muse's tales seem truly told.
 Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
 The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon :
 Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold
 Defies the power which crush'd thy temples gone :
 Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

LXXXIX.

The sun, the soil, but not the slave, the same ;
 Unchanged in all except its foreign lord—
 Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame
 The Battle-field, where Persia's victim horde
 First bowed beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,
 As on the morn to distant Glory dear,
 When Marathon became a magic word ; (39)
 Which utter'd, to the hearer's eye appear
 The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's career.

XC.

The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow ;
 The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear ;
 Mountains above, Earth's, Ocean's plain below ;
 Death in the front, Destruction in the rear !
 Such was the scene—what now remaineth here ?
 What sacred trophy marks the hallow'd ground,
 Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear ?
 The rifled urn, the violated mound,
 The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger ! spurs around.

XCI.

Yet to the remnants of thy splendour past
 Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearyed, throng ;
 Long shall the voyager, with th' Ionian blast,
 Hail the bright clime of battle and of song.
 Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
 Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore ;
 Boast of the aged ! lesson of the young !
 Which sages venerate and bards adore,
 As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful lore.

XCII.

The parted bosom clings to wonted home,
 If aught that's kindred cheer the welcome hearth
 He that is lonely hither let him roam,
 And gaze complacent on congenial earth.
 Greece is no lightsome land of social mirth ;
 But he whom Sadness sootheth may abide,
 And scarce regret the region of his birth,
 When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side,
 Or gazing o'er the plains where Greek and Persian died.

XCIII.

Let such approach this consecrated land,
 And pass in peace along the magic waste;
 But spare its relics—let no busy hand
 Deface the scenes, already how defac'd !
 Not for such purpose were these altars plac'd
 Revere the remnants nations once rever'd ;
 So may our country's name be undisgrac'd,
 So may'st thou prosper where thy youth was rear'd
 By every honest joy of love and life endear'd !

XCIV.

For thee who thus in too protracted song
 Hast sooth'd thine idlesse with inglorious lays,
 Soon shall thy voice be lost amid the throng
 Of louder minstrels in these later days ;
 To such resign the strife for fading bays—
 Ill may such contest now the spirit move
 Which heeds nor keen reproach nor partial praise ;
 Since cold each kinder heart that might approve,
 And none are left to please when none are left to love.

XCV.

Thou too art gone, thou lov'd and lovely one !
 Whom youth and youth's affection bound to me ;
 Who did for me what none besides have done,
 Nor shrank from one albeit unworthy thee.
 What is my being? thou hast ceas'd to be !
 Nor staid to welcome here thy wanderer home,
 Who mourns o'er hours which we no more shall see—
 Would they had never been, or were to come !
 Would he had ne'er return'd to find fresh cause to roam !

XCVI.

Oh ! ever loving, lovely, and belov'd !
 How selfish Sorrow ponders on the past,
 And clings to thoughts now better far remov'd !
 But Time shall tear thy shadow from me last.
 All thou could'st have of mine, stern Death ! thou hast ;
 The parent, friend, and now the more than friend ;
 Ne'er yet for one thine arrows flew so fast,
 And grief with grief continuing still to blend,
 Hath snatch'd the little joy that life had yet to lend.

XCVII.

Then must I plunge again into the crowd,
And follow all that Peace disdains to seek?
Where Revel calls, and Laughter, vainly loud,
False to the heart, distorts the hollow cheek,
To leave the flagging spirit doubly weak;
Still o'er the features, which perforce they cheer,
To feign the pleasure or conceal the pique;
Smiles form the channel of a future tear,
Or raise the writhing lip with ill-dissembled sneer.

XCVIII.

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
To view each lov'd one blotted from life's page,
And be alone on earth, as I am now.
Before the Chastener humbly let me bow,
O'er hearts divided and o'er hopes destroy'd:
Roll on, vain days! full reckless may ye flow,
Since Time hath left whate'er my soul enjoy'd,
And with the ills of Eld mine earlier years alloy'd.

END OF CANTO II.

NOTES TO CANTO II.

1. PART of the Acropolis was destroyed by the explosion of a magazine during the Venetian siege.

2. We can all feel, or imagine, the regret with which the ruins of cities, once the capitals of empires, are beheld; the reflection suggested by such objects are too trite to require recapitulation. But never did the littleness of man, and the vanity of his very best virtues, of patriotism to exalt, and of valour to defend his country, appear more conspicuous than in the record of what Athens was, and the certainty of what she now is! This theatre of contention between mighty factions, of the struggles of orators, the exaltation and deposition of tyrants, the triumph and punishment of generals, is now become a scene of petty intrigue and perpetual disturbance, between the bickering agents of certain British nobility and gentry. "The wild foxes, the owls and serpents in the ruins of Babylon," were surely less degrading than such inhabitants. The Turks have the plea of conquest for their tyranny, and the Greeks have only suffered the fortune of war, incidental to the bravest; but how are the mighty fallen, when two painters contest the privilege of plundering the Parthenon, and triumph in turn, according to the tenor of each succeeding firman! Sylla could but punish, Philip subdue, and Xerxes burn Athens; but it remained for the paltry Antiquarian, and his despicable agents, to render her contemptible as himself and his pursuits.

3. It was not always the custom of the Greeks to burn their dead; the greater Ajax in particular was interred entire. Almost all the chiefs became gods after their decease, and he was indeed neglected, who had not annual games near his tomb, or festivals in honour of his memory by his countrymen, as Achilles, Brasidas, &c. and at last even Antinous, whose death was as heroic as his life was infamous.

4. The temple of Jupiter Olympius, of which sixteen columns entirely of marble yet survive: originally there were 150. These columns, however, are by many supposed to have belonged to the Pantheon.

5. The ship was wrecked in the Archipelago.

6. At this moment (January 3, 1809,) besides what has been already deposited in London, an Hydriot vessel is in the Piræus to receive every portable relic. Thus, as I heard a young Greek observe in common with many of his countrymen—for, lost as they are, they yet feel on this occasion—thus may Lord Elgin boast of having ruined Athens. An Italian painter of the first eminence named Lusieri, is the agent of devastation; and like the Greek finder of Verres in Sicily, who followed the same profession, he has proved the able instrument of plunder. Between this artist and the French Consul Fauvel, who wishes to rescue the remains for his own government, there is now a violent dispute concerning a car employed in their conveyance, the wheel of which—I wish they were both broken upon it—has been locked up by the Consul, and Lusieri has laid his complaint before the Waywode. Lord Elgin has been extremely happy in his choice of Signor Lusieri.

7. "When the last of the Metopes was taken from the Parthenon, and, in moving of it, great part of the superstructure with one of the triglyphs was thrown down by the workmen, whom Lord Elgin employed, the Dissdar, who beheld the mischief done to the building, took his pipe from his mouth, dropped a tear, and, in a supplicating tone of voice, said to Lusieri, I was present!"

Dr. Clark's Travels.

8. According to Zozimus, Minerva and Achilles frightened Alaric from the Acropolis; but others relate that the Gothic King was nearly as mischievous as the Scottish peer.—See CHANDLER.

9. The netting to prevent blocks or splinters from falling on deck during action.

10. Goza is said to have been the island of Calypso.

11. Albania comprises part of Macedonia, Illyria Chonia, and Epirus. Iskander is the Turkish work for Alexander; and the celebrated Scanderbeg (Lord Alexander) is alluded to in the third and fourth lines of the thirty-eighth stanza. I do not know whether I am correct in making Scanderbeg the countryman of Alexander, who was born at Pella in Macedon, but Mr. Gibbon terms him so, and adds Pyrrhus to the list, in speaking of his exploits.

12. Ithaca.

13. Actium and Trafalgar need no further mention. The battle of Lepanto, equally bloody and considerable, but less known, was fought in the gulph of Patras; here the author of Don Quixote lost his left hand.

14 Leucadia, now Santa Maura. From the promontory (the Lover's Leap) Sappho is said to have thrown herself.

15. It is said, that on the day previous to the battle of Actium, Anthony had thirteen kings at his levee.

16. Nicopolis, whose ruins are most extensive, is at some distance from Actium, where the wall of the Hippodrome survives in a few fragments.

17. According to Pouqueville the Lake of Yanina; but Pouqueville is always out.

18. The celebrated Ali Pacha. Of this extraordinary man there is an incorrect account in Pouqueville's Travels.

19. Five thousand Suliotes, among the rocks and in the castle of Suli, withstood 30,000 Albanians for eighteen years; the castle was at last taken by bribery. In this contest, there were several acts performed not unworthy of the better days of Greece.

20. The convent and village of Zitza are four hours journey from Joannina, or Yanina, the capital of the Pachalick. In the valley the river Kalamas (once the Acheron) flows, and not far from Zitza forms a fine cataract.

21. The Greek monks are so called.

22. The Chimariot mountains appear to have been volcanic.

23. Now called Kalamas.

24. Albanese cloke.

25. Anciently Mount Tomarus.

26. The river Laos was full at the time the author passed it; and, immediately above Tepaleen, was to the eye as wide as the Thames at Westminster; at least in the opinion of the author and his fellow-traveller, Mr. Hobhouse. In the summer it must be much narrower.

27. Alluding to the wreckers of cornwall.

28. The Albanian Mussulmans do not abstain from wine and indeed very few of the others.

29. **Palikar**, shortened when addressed to a single person, a general name for a soldier amongst the Greeks, an Albanese who speaks Romaic—It means properly “a lad.”

30. Their most popular choral songs, are generally chanted in dancing by men or women indiscriminately. The first words are merely a kind of chorus without meaning, like some in our own and all other languages.

31. These stanzas are partly taken from different Albinese songs, as far as I was able to make them out by the exposition of the Albinese in Romaic and Italian.

32. It was taken by storm from the French.

33. Some thoughts on this subject I have published elsewhere.

34. Phyle, which commands a beautiful view of Athens, has still considerable remains: it was seized by Thrasylus previous to the expulsion of the Thirty.

35. When taken by the Latins, and retained for several years—See GIBBON.

36. Mecca and Medina were taken some time ago by the Wahabeea, a sect yearly increasing.

37. On many of the mountains, particularly Liakurs, the snow never is entirely melted, notwithstanding the intense heat of the Summer; but I never saw it lie on the plains even in winter.

38. Of Mount Pentelicus, from whence the marble was dug that constructed the public edifices of Athens. The modern name is Mount Mendeli. An immense cave formed by the quarries still remains, and will to the end of time,

39. "Siste Viator—heros ealcas!" was the epitaph on the famous Count Merci;—what then must be our feelings when standing on the tumulus of the two hundred (Greeks) who fell on Marathon?

END OF NOTES TO CANTO II.



CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

A ROMAUNT.

CANTO III.

I.

Is thy face like thy mother's my fair child !
Ada ! sole daughter of my house and heart ?
When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smiled,
And when we parted,—not as now we part,
But with a hope.—

Awaking with a start,
The waters heave around me ; and on high
The winds lift up their voices : I depart,
Whither I know not ; but the hour's gone by, [eye.
When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad mine

II.

Once more upon the waters ! yet once more !
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome, to their roar !
Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead !
Though the strain'd mast should quiver as a reed,
And the rent canvas fluttering strew the gale,
Still must I on ; for I am as a weed,
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam, to sail [prevail.
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's beneath

III.

In my youth's summer I did sing of One
The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind ;
Again I seize the theme then but begun,
And bear it with me, as the rushing wind
Bears the cloud onward : in that Tale I find
The furrows of long thought, and dried-up tears
Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind,
O'er which all heavily the journeying years
Piled the last sand of life,—where not a flower appears.

IV.

Since my young days of passion—joy, or pain,
 Perchance my heart and harp have lost a string,
 And both may jar : it may be, that in vain
 I would essay as I have sung to sing
 Yet, though a dreary strain, to this I cling ;
 So that it wean me from the weary dream
 Of selfish grief or gladness—so it fling
 Forgetfulness around me—it shall seem
 To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful theme.

V.

He, who grown aged in this world of woe,
 In deeds, not years, piercing the depths of life
 So that no wonder waits him ; nor below
 Can love, or sorrow, fame, ambition, strife,
 Cut to his heart again with the keen knife
 Of silent, sharp endurance : he can tell
 Why thought seeks refuge in lone caves, yet rise
 With airy images, and shapes which dwell
 Still unimpair'd though old, in the soul's haunted cell.

VI.

'Tis to create, and in creating live
 A being more intense, that we endow
 With form or fancy, gaining as we give
 The life we image, even as I do now.
 What am I ? Nothing ; but not so art thou,
 Soul of my thought ! with whom I traverse earth,
 Invisible but gazing, as I glow
 Mix'd with thy spirit, blended with thy birth,
 And feeling still with thee in my crush'd feelings' dearth.

VII.

Yet must I think less wildly :—I have thought
 Too long and darkly, till my brain became,
 In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,
 A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame :
 And thus, untaught in youth my heart to tame,
 My springs of life were poison'd. 'Tis too late !
 Yet am I chang'd ; though still enough the same
 In strength to bear what time cannot abate,
 And feed on bitter fruits without accusing Fate,

VIII.

Something too much of this :—but now 'tis past
 And the spell closes with its silent seal,
 Long absent HAROLD re-appears at last ;
 He of the breast which fain no more would feel,
 Wrung with the wounds which kill not, but ne'er heal
 Yet Time who changes all, had altered him
 In soul and aspect as in age : years steal
 Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb ;
 And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.

IX.

His had been quaff'd too quickly, and he found
 The dregs were wormwood ; but he fill'd again,
 And from a purer fount, on holier ground,
 And deem'd its spring perpetual ; but in vain !
 Still round him clung invisibly a chain !
 Which gall'd for ever, fettering though unseen,
 And heavy though it clank'd not ; worn with pain,
 Which pined although it spoke not, and grew keen,
 Entering with every step, he took, through many a scene.

X.

Secured in guarded coldness, he had mix'd
 Again in fancied safety with his kind,
 And deem'd his spirit now so firmly fix'd
 And sheath'd with an invulnerable mind,
 That, if no joy, no sorrow lurk'd behind ;
 And he, as one, might midst the many stand
 Unheeded, searching through the crowd to find
 Fit speculation ! such as in strange land
 He found in wonder-works of God and Nature's hand.

XI.

But who can view the ripened rose, nor seek
 To wear it ? who can curiously behold
 The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's cheek,
 Nor feel the heart can never all grow old ?
 Who can contemplate Fame through clouds unfold
 The star which rises o'er her steep, nor climb ;
 Harold, once more within the vortex, roll'd
 On with the giddy circle, chasing Time,
 Yet with a nobler aim than in his youth's fond prime.

XII.

But soon he knew himself the most unfit
 Of man to herd with Man ; with whom he held
 Little in common ; untaught to submit
 His thoughts to others, though his soul was quell'd
 In youth by his own thoughts ; still uncompeil'd,
 He would not yield dominion of his mind
 To spirits against whom his own rebell'd ;
 Proud though in desolation ; which could find
 A life within itself, to breathe without mankind.

XIII.

Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends ;
 Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his home
 Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends,
 He had the passion and the power to roam ;
 The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,
 Were unto him companionship ; they spake
 A mutual language, clearer than the tongue
 Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake
 For Nature's pages glass'd by sunbeams on the lake.

XIV.

Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars,
 Till he had peopled, them with beings bright
 As their own beams ; and earth, and earth-born jars,
 And human frailties, were forgotten quite :
 Could he have kept his spirits to that flight
 He had been happy ? but his clay will sink
 Its spark immortal, envying it the light
 To which it mounts, as if to break the link
 That keeps us from yon heaven which woos us to its brink,

XV.

But in man's dwellings he became a thing
 Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome,
 Droop'd as a wild-born falcon with clipt wing,
 To whom the boundless air alone were home :
 Then came his fit again, which to o'ercome,
 As eagerly the barr'd-up bird will beat.
 His breast and beak against the wiry dome
 Till the blood tinge his plumage, so the heat
 Of his impeded soul would through his bosom eat,

XVI.

Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again,
 With nought of hope left, but with less of gloom.
 The very knowledge that he liv'd in vain,
 That all was over on this side the tomb,
 Had made Despair a smilingness assume,
 Which, though 'twere wild,—as on the plundered wreck
 When mariners would madly meet their doom
 With draughts intemperate on the sinking deck,—
 Did yet inspire a cheer, which he forebore to check.

XVII.

Stop! —for thy tread is on an Empire's dust?
 An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!
 Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust?
 Nor column trophied for triumphal show?
 None; but the moral's truth tells simpler so,
 As the ground was before, thus let it be!—
 How that red rain hath made the harvest grow!
 And is this all the world has gained by thee,
 Thou first and last of fields! king-making Victory?

XVIII.

And Harold stands upon this place of skulls,
 The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo!
 How in an hour the power which gave annuls
 Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting too!
 In "pride of place" [1] here last the eagle flew,
 Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain,
 Pierced by the shaft of banded nations through;
 Ambition's life and labours all were vain;
 He wears the shattered links of the world's broken chain.

XIX.

Fit retribution! Gaul may champ the bit
 And foam in fetters;—but is Earth more free?
 Did nations combat to make *One* submit;
 Or league to teach all kings true sovereignty?
 What! shall reviving Thraldom again be
 The patched-up idol of enlightened days?
 Shall we, who struck the Lion down, shall we
 Pay the Wolf homage; proffering lowly gaze
 And servile knees to thrones? No; prove before ye praise!

XX.

If not, o'er one fallen despot boast no more !
 In vain fair cheeks were furrowed with hot tears
 For Europe's flowers long rooted up before
 The trampler of her vineyards ; in vain years
 Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,
 Have all been borne, and broken by the accord
 Of roused-up millions : all that most endears
 Glory, is when the myrtle wreathes a sword
 Such as Harmodius (2) drew on Athen's tyrant lord.

XXI.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair woman and brave men ;
 A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
 And (3) all went merry as a marriage-bell ;
 But hush ! hark ; a deep sound like a rising knell !

XXII.

Did ye not hear it ?—No ; 'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;
 On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
 But, hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
 Arm ! Arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar !

XXIII.

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did bear
 That sound the first amidst the festival,
 And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear ;
 And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well
 Which strecth'd his father on a bloody bier
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell ;
 He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell,

XXIV.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness ;
 And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated ; who could guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon nights so sweet such awful morn could rise ?

XXV.

And there was mounting in hot haste ; the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went popping forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war,
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar,
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
 While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe ! They come !

XXVI. [they come !]

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose !
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes :
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
 Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills
 Their mountain-pipe, so fills the mountaineers
 With the fierce native daring which instils
 The stirring memory of a thousand years, [years !
 And (4) Evan's, (5) Donald's fame rings in each clangman's

XXVII.

And Ardennes (6) wayes above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas !
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

XXVIII.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
 Battle's magnificently stern array!
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
 The earth is covered thick with other clay
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial bient.

XXIX.

Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than mine ;
 Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
 Partly because they blend me with his line,
 And partly that I did his sire some wrong,
 And partly that bright names will hallow song ;
 And his was of the bravest, and when shower'd
 The death-bolts deadliest the thinn'd flies along,
 Even where the thickest of war's tempest lower'd,
 They reach'd no nobler breast than thine, young, gallant

[Howard !

There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee.
 And mine were nothing, had I such to give ;
 But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
 Which living waves there thou didst cease to live,
 And saw around me the wild field revive
 With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
 Came forth her work of gladness to contrive,
 With all her reckless birds upon the wing, (7)
 I turn'd from all she brought to those she could not bring.

XXXI.

I turn'd to thee, to thousands, of whom each
 And one as all a ghastly gap did make
 In his own kind and kindred, whom to teach
 Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake ;
 The Archangel's trump, not Glory's, must awake
 Those whom they thirst for ; though the sound of fame
 May for a moment soothe, it cannot slake
 The fever of vain longing, and the name
 So honored but assumes a stronger, bitterer claim.

XXXII.

They mourn, but smile at length ; and, smiling, mourn
 The tree will wither long before it fall ;
 The hull drives on, though mast and sail be torn ;
 The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall
 In massy hoariness ; the ruined wall
 Stands when its wind-worn battlements are gone ;
 The bars survive the captive they enthral ;
 The day drags through though storms keep out the sun ;
 And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on :

XXXIII.

Even as a broken-mirror, which the glass
 In every fragment multiplies ; and makes
 A thousand images of one that was,
 The same, and still the more, the more it breaks ;
 And thus the heart will do which not forsakes,
 Living in shattered guise, and still, and cold,
 And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow aches,
 Yet withers on till all without is old,
 Shewing no visible sign, for such things are untold.

XXXIV.

There is a very life in our despair,
 Vitality of poison,—a quick root
 Which feeds these deadly branches ; for it were
 As nothing did we die ; but Life will suit
 Itself to Sorrow's most detested fruit,
 Like to the apples on the (8) Dead Sea's shore,
 All ashes to the taste ; Did man compute
 Existence by enjoyment, and count o'er [threescore ?
 Such hours 'gainst years of life,—say, would he name

XXXV.

The Psalmist numbered out the years of man :
 They are enough ; and if thy tale be *true*,
 Thou, who didst grudge him even that fleeting span,
 More than enough, thou fatal Waterloo !
 Millions of tongues record thee, and anew
 Their children's lips shall echo them, and say—
 “Here, where the sword united nations drew,
 “Our countrymen were warring on that day !”
 And this is much and all which will not pass away.

XXXVI.

There sunk the greatest, nor the worst of men,
 Whose spirit antithetically mixt
 One moment of the mightiest, and again
 On little objects with like firmness fixt,
 Extreme in all things ! hadst thou been betwixt,
 Thy throne had still been thine, or never been ;
 For daring made thy rise as fall : thou seek'st
 Even now to re-assume the imperial mien,
 And shake again the world, the Thunderer of the scene !

XXXVII.

Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou !
 She trembles at thee still, and thy wild name
 Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds than now
 That thou art nothing, save the jest of fame
 Who wooed thee once, thy vassal, and became
 The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou wert
 A god unto thyself; nor less the same
 To the astounded kingdoms all inert,
 Who deem'd thee for a time whate'er thou didst assert.

XXXVIII.

Oh, more or less than man—in high or low,
 Battling with nations, flying from the field ;
 Now making monarchs' necks thy footstool, now
 More than thy meanest soldier taught to yield ;
 An empire thou couldst crush, command, rebuild,
 But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor,
 However deeply in men's spirits skill'd,
 Look through thine own, nor curb the lust of war,
 Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave the loftiest star.

XXXIX.

Yet well thy soul hath brook'd the turning tide
 With that untaught innate philosophy,
 Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,
 Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.
 When the whole host of hatred stood hard by,
 To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast smiled
 With a sedate and all-enduring eye,—
 When Fortune fled her spoil'd and favourite child,
 He stood unbowed beneath the ills upon him piled.

XL.

Sager than in thy fortune ; for in them
 Ambition steel'd thee on too far to show
 That just habitual scorn which could contemn
 Men and their thoughts ; 'twas wise to feel, not so
 To wear it ever on thy lip and brow,
 And spurn the instruments thou wert to use
 Till they were turn'd unto thine overthrow :
 'Tis but a worthless world to win or lose ;
 So hath it proved to thee, and all such lot who choose.

XLI.

If, like a tower upon a headlong rock,
 Thou hadst been made to fall or stand alone,
 Such scorn of man had helped to brave the shock ;
 But men's thoughts were the steps which paved thy
 Their admiration thy best weapon shone ; [throne
 The part of Philip's son was thine, not then
 (Unless aside thy purple hath been thrown)
 Like stern Diogenes to mock at men ;
 For sceptred cynics earth were far too wide a den.

XLII.

But quiet to quick besoms is a hell,
 And *there* hath been thy bane ; there is a fire
 And motion of the soul which will not dwell
 In its own narrow being, but aspire
 Beyond the fitting medium of desire ;
 And, but once kindled, quenchless evermore,
 Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire
 Of angt, but rest ; a fever at the core,
 Fatal to him who bears, toall who ever bore.

XLIII.

This makes the madman who have made men mad
 By their contagion ; Conquerors and Kings,
 Founders of sects and systems, to whom add
 Sophists, Bards, Statesman, all unquiet things
 Which stir too strongly the soul's secret springs,
 And are themselves the fools to those they fool ;
 Envied, yet how unenviable ! what stings
 Are theirs ! One breast laid open were a school
 Which would unteach mankind the lust to shine or rule.

XLIV.

Their breath is agitation, and their life
 A storm whereon they ride, to sink at last,
 And yet so nurs'd and bigotted to strife,
 That should their days, surviving perils past,
 Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast
 With sorrow and supineness, and so die ;
 Even as flame unfed, which runs to waste
 With its own flickering, or a sword laid by
 Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously.

XLV.

He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find
 The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow
 He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
 Must look down on the hate of those below
 Though high *above*, the sun of glory glow,
 And far *beneath* the earth and ocean spread,
 Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
 Contending tempests on his naked head,
 And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.

XLVI.

Away with these ! true Wisdom's world will be
 Within its own creation, or in thine,
 Maternal Nature ! for who teems like thee,
 Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine ?
 There Harold gazes on a work divine,
 A blending of all beauties ; streams and dells,
 Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,
 And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells
 From gay but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells.

XLVII.

And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind,
 Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
 All tenantless, save to the crannyng wind,
 Or holding dark communion with the cloud.
 There was a day when they were young and proud,
 Banners on high, and battle's pass'd below ;
 But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
 And those which waved are shredless dust ere now,
 And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.

XLVIII.

Beneath these battlements, within those walls
 Power dwelt amidst her passions ; in proud state,
 Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
 Doing his evil will, nor less elate
 Than mightier heroes of a longer date,
 What want these outlaws (10) conqueror's should have
 But History's purchased page to call them great ?
 A wider space, an ornamented grave ? [brave]
 Their hopes were not less warm, their souls were full as

XLIX.

In their baronial feuds and single fields,
 What deeds of prowess unrecorded died !
 And Love, which lent a blazon to their shields,
 With emblems well devised by amorous pride,
 Through all the mail of iron hearts would glide ;
 But still their flame was fierceness, and drew on
 Keen contest and destruction near allied ;
 And many a tower for some fair mischief won,
 Saw the discoloured Rhine beneath its ruin run.

L.

But Thou, exulting and abounding river !
 Making thy waves a blessing as they flow
 Through banks whose beauty would endure for ever
 Could man but leave thy bright creation so,
 Nor its fair promise from the surface mow
 With the sharp scythe of conflict,—then to see
 Thy valley of sweet waters were to know
 Earth paved like Heaven, and to seem such to me [be].
 Even now what wants thy stream ?—that it should Lethe

LI.

A thousand battles have assail'd thy banks,
 But these and half their fame have pass'd away
 And Slaughter heap'd on high his weltering ranks
 Their very graves are gone, and what are they ?
 Thy tide wash'd down the blood of yesterday,
 And all was stainless, and on thy clear stream
 Glass'd with its dancing light the sunny ray ;
 But o'er the blackened memory's blighting dream
 Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping as they seem.

LII.

Thus Harold only said, and pass'd along,
 Yet not insensibly to all which here
 Awoke the jocund birds to early song
 In glens which might have made even exile dear ;
 Though on his brow were graven lines austere,
 And tranquil sternness which had ta'en the place
 Of feelings fierier far but less severe,
 Joy was not always absent from his face,
 But o'er it in such scenes would steal with transient trace.

LIII.

Nor was all love shut from him, though his days
 Of passion had consumed themselves to dust.
 It is in vain that we should coldly gaze
 On such as smile upon us ; the heart must
 Leap kindly back to kindness, though disgust
 Hath wean'd it from all wordlings ; thus he felt,
 For there was soft remembrance, and sweet trust
 In one fond breast, to which his own would melt,
 And in its tenderer hour on that his bosom dwelt.

LIV.

And he had learn'd to love,—I know not why,
 For this in such as him seems strange of mood,
 The helpless looks of blooming infancy,
 Even in its earliest nurture ; what subdued,
 To change like this, a mind so far imbued
 With scorn of man, it little boots to know ;
 But thus it was ; and though in solitude
 Small power the nipp'd affections have to grow
 In him this glowed when all beside had ceased to glow.

LV.

And there was one soft breast, as hath been said,
 Which unto his was bound with stronger ties
 Than the church links withal ; and, though unwed,
 That love was pure and far above disguise,
 Had stood the test of mortal enmities
 Still undivided, and cemented more
 By peril dreaded most in female eyes ;
 But this was firm, and from a foreign shore
 Well to that heart might his these absent greetings pour.

1.

The castle crag of Drachenfels (11)
 Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
 Whose breast of waters broadly swells
 Between the banks which bear the vine,
 And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
 And fields which promise corn and wine,
 And scattered cities crowning these,
 Whose far white walls along them shine,
 Have strewed a scene, which I should see
 With double joy wert thou with me !

2.

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
 And hands which offer early flowers,
 Walk smiling o'er this paradise :
 Above, the frequent feudal towers
 Through green leaves lift their walls of grey,
 And many a rock which steeply lours,
 And noble arch in proud decay,
 Look o'er this vale of vintage bowers ;
 But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—
 Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine !

3.

I send the lillies given to me ;
 Though long before thy hand they touch,
 I know that they must withered be,
 But yet reject them not as such ;
 For I have cherish'd them as dear,
 Because they yet may meet thine eye,
 And guide thy soul to mine even here,
 When thou beholdst them drooping nigh,
 And knowst them gathered by the Rhine,
 And offered from my heart to thine.

4.

The river nobly foams and flows,
 The charm of this enchanted ground,
 And all its thousand turns disclose
 Some fresher beauty varying round ;
 The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
 Through life to dwell delighted here ;
 Nor could on earth a spot be found
 To nature and to me so dear,
 Could thy dear eyes in following mine
 Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine !

LVI.

By Coblenz, on a rise of gentle ground,
 There is a small and simple pyramid,
 Crowning the summit of the verdant mound ;
 Beneath its base are heroes ashes hid,
 Our enemy's,—but let not that forbid
 Honour to Marceau ! o'er whose early tomb
 Tears, big tears, gush'd from the rough soldier's lid,
 Lamenting and yet envying such a doom,
 Falling for France, whose rights he battled to resume.

LVII.

Brief, brave and glorious was his young career,—
 His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes,
 And fitly may the stranger lingering here
 Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose :
 For he was Freedom's champion one of those,
 The few in number, who had not o'erstept
 The charter to chastise which she bestows
 On such as wield her weapons ; he had kept (10)
 The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.

LVIII.

Here Ehrenbreitstein, (13) with her shattered wall
 Black with the miner's blast, upon her height
 Yet shows of what she was, when shell and ball
 Rebounding idly on her strength did light ;
 A tower of victory ! from whence the flight
 Of baffled foes was watch'd along the plain ;
 But Peace destroy'd what War could never blight,
 And laid those proud roofs bare to Summer's rain—
 On which the iron shower for years had pour'd in vain.

LIX.

Adieu to thee, fair Rhine ! How long delighted
 The stranger fair would linger on his way !
 Thine is a scene alike where souls united
 Or lonely Contemplation thus might stray ;
 And could the ceaseless vultures cease to prey
 On self-condemning bosoms, it were here,
 Where Nature, nor too sombre, nor too gay,
 Wild but not rude, awful yet not austere,
 Is to the mellow earth as Autumn to the year,

LX.

Adieu to thee again! a vain adieu!
 There can be no farewell to scene like thine;
 The mind is coloured by thy every hue;
 And if reluctantly the eyes resign
 Their cherish'd gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine!
 'Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise;
 More mighty spots may rise—more glaring shine,
 But none unite in one attaching maze
 The brilliant fair, and soft,—the glories of old days.

LXI.

The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom
 Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
 The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
 The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between,
 The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets been
 In mockery of man's art; and these withal
 A race of faces happy as the scene,
 Whose fertile bounties here extend to all [fall,
 Still springing o'er thy banks, though Empires near them

LXII.

But these recede. Above me are the Alps,
 The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
 Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
 And throned Eternity in icy halls
 Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
 The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
 All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
 Gather around these summits, as to show [below.
 How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man

LXIII.

But ere these matchless heights I dare to scan,
 There is a spot should not be pass'd in vain,—
 Morat! the proud, the patriot field! where man
 May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,
 Nor blush for those who conquer'd on that plain;
 Here Burgundy bequeath'd his tombless host,
 A bony heap, through ages to remain,
 Themselves their monument;—the Stygian coast
 Unsepulchred they roam'd, and shriek'd each wandering

H 3 [ghost. (']

LXIV.

While Waterloo with Cannæ's carnage vies,
 Morat and Marathon twin names shall stand ;
 They were true Glory's stainless victories,
 Won by the unambitious heart and hand
 Of a proud, brotherly, and civic band,
 All unbought champions in no princely cause
 Of vice-entail'd Corruption ; they no land
 Doom'd to bewail the blasphemy of laws
 Making king's right divine, by some Draconic clause,

LXV.

By a lone wall a lonelier column rears
 A gray and grief-worn aspect of old days,
 'Tis the last remnant of the wreck of years,
 And looks as with the wild bewildered gaze
 Of one to stone converted by amaze,
 Yet still with consciousness ; and there it stands
 Making a marvel that it not decays,
 When the coeval pride of human hands,
 Levell'd (15) Aventicum, hath strewed her subject lands.

LXVI.

And there—oh ! sweet and sacred be the name!—
 Julia—the daughter, the devoted—gave
 Her youth to Heaven ; her heart beneath a claim
 Nearest to Heaven's, broke o'er a father's grave.
 Justice is sworn 'gainst tears, and her's would crave
 The life she lived in ; but the judge was just,
 And then she died on him she could not save
 Their tomb was simple, and without a bust, (16)
 And held within their urn one mind, one heart, one dust.

LXVII.

But these are deeds which should not pass away,
 And names that must not wither, though the earth
 Forgets her empires with a just decay,
 The enslavers and the enslaved, their death and birth;
 The high, the mountain-majesty of worth
 Should be, and shall, survivor of its woe,
 And from its immortality look forth
 In the sun's face, like yonder Alpine snow, (17)
 Imperishably pure beyond all things below.

LXVIII.

Lake Leman woos me, with its crystal face
 The mirror where the stars and mountains view
 The stillness of their aspect in each trace
 Its clear depth yielde of their far height and hue ;
 There is too much of man here, to look through,
 With a fit mind the might which I behold ;
 But soon in me shall Loneliness renew,
 Thoughts hid, but not less cherish'd than of old,
 Ere mingling with the herd had penn'd me in their fold.

LXIX.

To fly from, need not be to hate mankind ;
 All are not fit with them to stir and toil,
 Nor is it discontent to keep the mind
 Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil
 In the hot throng, where we become the spoil
 Of our infection, till too late and long
 We may deplore and struggle with the coil,
 In wretched interchange of wrong for wrong,
 Midst a contentious world, striving where none are strong.

LXXX.

There, in a moment, we may plunge our years
 In fatal penitence, and in the blight
 Of our own soul, turn all our blood to tears,
 And colour things to come with hues of Night ;
 The race of life becomes a hopeless flight
 To those that walk in darkness ; on the sea,
 The boldest steer but where their ports invite,
 But there are wanderers o'er Eternity
 Whose bark drives on and on, and anchored ne'er shall be

LXXI.

It is no better, then, to be alone,
 And love Earth only for its earthly sake ?
 By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone, (18)
 Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake,
 Which feeds it as a mother who doth make
 A fair but froward infant her own care,
 Kissing its cries away as these awake ;
 Is it not better thus our lives to wear,
 Than join the crushing crowd, doom'd to inflict or bear ?

LXXII.

I live not in myself, but I become
 Portion of that around me ? and to me
 High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
 Of human cities torture ; I can see
 Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be
 A link reluctant in a fleshy chain,
 Clas'd among creatures, when the soul can flee,
 And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain
 Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in vain.

LXXIII.

And thus I am absorbed, and this is life,
 I look upon the peopled desert past,
 As on a place of agony and strife,
 Where, for some sin, to sorrow I was cast,
 To act and suffer, but remount at last
 With a fresh pinion ; which I feel to spring,
 Though young, yet waxing vigorous, as the blast
 Which it would cope with, on delighted wing,
 Spurning the clay-cold bonds which round our being cling.

LXXIV.

And when, at length, the mind shall be all free,
 From what it hates in this degraded form,
 Reft of its carnal life, save what shall be
 Existent happier in the fly and worm,—
 When elements to elements conform,
 And dust is as it should be, shall I not,
 Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more warm ?
 The bodiless thought ? the Spirit of each spot ?
 Of which, even now, I share at times the immortal lot ?

LXXV.

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a part
 Of me and of my soul, as I of them ?
 Is not the love of these deep in my heart
 With a pure passion ? should I not contemn
 All objects, if compared with these ; and stem
 A tide of suffering, rather than forego
 Such feelings for the hard and wordly phlegm
 Of those whose eyes are only turn'd below, [glow
 Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which dare not

LXXVI.

But this is not my theme ? and I return
 To that which is immediate and require
 Those who find contemplation in the urn,
 To look on One, whose dust was once all fire,
 A native of the land where I respire
 The clear air for a while—a passing guest,
 Where he became a being,—whose desire
 Was to be glorious ; 'twas a foolish quest,
 The which to gain and keep, he sacrificed all rest.

LXXVII.

Here the self torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,
 The apostle of affliction, he who threw
 Enchantment over passion, and from woe
 Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew
 The breath which made him wretched ; yet he knew
 How to make madness beautiful, and cast
 O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly hue
 Of words, like sunbeams dazzling as they past
 The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feelingly and fast.

LXXVIII.

His love was passion's essence—as a tree
 On fire by lightning; with ethereal flame
 Kindled he was, and blasted; for to be
 Thus, and enamoured, were in him the same.
 But his was not the love of living dame,
 Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,
 But of ideal Beauty, which became
 In him existence, and o'erflowing teems
 Along his burning page, distempered though it seem.

LXXIX.

This breathed itself to life in Julie, *this*
 Invested her with all that's wild and sweet ;
 This hallowed, too, the memorable kiss
 Which every morn his fevered lip would greet,
 From her's who but with friendship his would meet ;
 But to that gentle touch, through brain and breast
 Flash'd the thrill'd spirit's love-devouring heat ;
 In that absorbing sigh perchance more blest,
 Than vulgar minds may be with all they seek possest. (19)

LXXX.

His life was one long war with self-sought foes,
 Or friends by him self-banish'd ; for his mind
 Had grown Suspicion's sanctuary, and chose
 For its own cruel sacrifice, the kind,
 'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange and blind.
 But he was phrenzied,—wherefore, who may know ?
 Since cause might be which skill could never find ;
 But he was phrenzied by disease or woe,
 To that worst pitch of all, which wears a reasoning show.

LXXXI.

For then he was inspired, and from him came,
 As from the Pythian's mystic cave of yore,
 Those oracles which set the world in flame,
 Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no more :
 Did he not this for France ? which lay before
 Bowed to the inborn tyranny of years ?
 Broken and trembling, to the yoke she bore.
 Till by the voice of him and his compeers, [fears ?
 Roused up to too much wrath which follows o'er ~~erect~~ town

LXXXII.

They made themselves a fearful monument !
 The wreck of old opinions—things which grew
 Breathed from the birth of time : the veil they rent :
 And what behind it lay, all earth shall view.
 But good with ill they also overthrew,
 Leaving but ruins, wherewith to rebuild
 Upon the same foundation, and renew
 Dungeons and thrones, which the same hour refill'd,
 As heretofore because ambition was self-will'd.

LXXXIII.

But this will not endure, nor be endured !
 Mankind have felt their strength, and made it felt.
 They might have used it better, but allured
 By their new vigour, sternly have they dealt
 On one another ; pity ceased to melt
 With her once natural charities. But they,
 Who in oppression's darkness caved had dwelt,
 They were not eagles, nourish'd with the day ;
 What marvel then, at times, if they mistook their prey ?

LXXXIV.

What deep wounds ever closed without a scar ;
 The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to wear
 That which disfigures it ; and they who war
 With their own hopes, and have been vanquish'd, bear
 Silence, but not submission ; in his lair
 Fix'd Passion holds his breath, until the hour
 Which shall atone for years ; none need despair ;
 It came, it cometh, and will come—the power
 To punish or forgive—in one we shall be slower.

LXXXV.

Clear, placid Leman ! thy contrasted lake,
 With the wide world I dwelt in, is a thing
 Which warns me, with its stillness to forsake
 Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring
 This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
 To waft me from distraction : once I loved
 Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
 Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
 That I with stern delights should e'er have been so mov'd.

LXXXVI.

It is the bush of night, and all between
 Thy margin and the mountain dusk, yet clear,
 Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
 Save darkened Jura, whose capt heights appear
 Precipitously steep ; and drawing near,
 There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood, on the ear
 Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
 Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more.

LXXXVII.

He is an evening reveller, who makes
 His life an infancy, and sings his fill ;
 At intervals, some bird from out the brakes,
 Starts into voice a moment, then is still
 There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
 But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
 All silently their tears of love instil,
 Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
 Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her buss.

LXXXVIII.

Ye starst which are the poetry of heaven !
 If in your bright leaves we could read the fate
 Of man and empires :—'tis to be forgiven,
 That in our aspirations to be great,
 Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
 And claim a kindred with you : for ye are
 A beauty and a mystery, and create
 In us such love and reverence from afar, [a star.
 That fortune, fame, power, life have named themselves

LXXXIX.

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,
 But breathless, as we grow when feeling most ;
 And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep ;—
 All heaven and earth are still : From the high host
 Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain-coast,
 All is concentered in a life intense,
 Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
 But hath a part of being, and a sense
 Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

XC.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
 In solitude, where we are *least* alone ;
 A truth, which through our being then doth melt
 And purifies from self ; it is a tone,
 The soul and source of music, which makes known
 Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm,
 Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
 Binding all things with beauty ;—'twould disarm
 The spectre Death, had he substantial power to harm.

XCI.

Not vainly did the early Persian make
 His altar the high places and the peak
 Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, (20) and thus take
 A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek
 The Spirit in whose honour shrines are weak,
 Uprear'd of human hands. Come, and compare
 Columns and idol-dwellings Goth or Greek,
 With Nature's realms of worship, earth and air,
 Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy prayer !

XCII.

The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh night,(21)
 And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
 Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
 Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
 And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
 Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

XCIII.

And this is in the night:—Most glorious night!
 Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
 A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
 A portion of the tempest and of thee!
 How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
 And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
 And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee
 Of the loud hills shake with its mountaine-mirth,
 As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

XCIV.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
 Heights which appear as lovers who have parted
 In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
 That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted;
 Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted;
 Love was the very root of the fond rage
 Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed:—
 Itself expired, but leaving them an age
 Of years all winters,—war within themselves to wage.

XCV.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,
 The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand:
 For here, not one, but many make their play,
 And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to hand,
 Flashing and cast around: of all the band
 The brightest through these parted hills hath fork'd
 His lightnings,—as if he did understand,
 That in such gaps as desolation work'd,
 There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurk'd.

XCVI.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye!
 With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
 To make these felt and feeling, well may be
 Things that have made me watchful; the far roll
 Of your departing voices, is the knoll
 Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.
 But where of ye, oh tempests! is the goal?
 Are ye like those within the human breast?
 Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?

XCVII.

Could I embody and unbosom now
 That which is most within me,—could I wreak
 My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
 Soul, heart, mind, passion, feelings, strong or weak,
 All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
 Bear, know, feel and yet breathe—into one word,
 And that one word were Lightning, I would speak;
 But as it is, I live and die unheard,
 With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.

XCVIII.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
 With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
 Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
 And living as if earth contain'd no tomb,—
 And glowing into day; we may resume
 The march of our existence; and thus I,
 Still on thy shores fair Leman! may find room
 And food for meditation, nor pass by
 Much, that may give us pause, if pondered fittingly.

XCIX.

Clarens! sweet Clarens, birth-place of deep Love!
 Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought;
 Thy trees take root in Love; the snows above
 The very Glaciers have his colours caught
 And sun-set into rose hues sees them wrought (22)
 By rays which sleep there lovingly; the rocks,
 The permanent crags, tell here of Love, who sought
 In them a refuge from the worldly shocks, [mocks.
 Which stir and sting the soul with hope that woos, then

C.

Clarens! by heavenly feet thy paths are trod,—
 Undying Love's, who here ascends a throne
 To which the steps are mountains; where the god
 Is a pervading life and light,—so shown
 Not on those summits solely, nor alone
 In the still cave and forest; o'er the flower
 His eyes is sparkling, and his breath hath blown,
 His soft and summer breath, whose tender power
 Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate hour.

CI.

All things are here of *him*; from the black pines,
 Which are his shade on high, and the loud roar
 Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the vines
 Which slope his green path downward to the shore,
 Where the bowed waters meet him, and adore,
 Kissing his feet with murmurs; and the wood,
 The covert of old trees, with trunks all hoar,
 But light leaves, young as joy, stands where it stood,
 Offering to him, and his, a populous solitude.

CII.

A populous solitude of bees and birds,
 And fairy-form'd and many-coloured things,
 Who worship him with notes more sweet than words,
 And innocently open their glad wings,
 Fearless and full of life; the gush of springs,
 And fall of lofty mountains, and the bend
 Of stirring branches, and the bud which brings
 The swiftest thought of beauty, here extend,
 Mingling, and made by Love, unto one mighty end.

CIII.

He who hath loved not, here would learn that love,
 And make his heart a spirit: he who knows
 That tender mystery, will love the more,
 For this is Love's recess, where vain men's woes,
 And the world's waste, have driven him far from those,
 For 'tis his nature to advance or dye;
 He stands not still, but or decays, or grows
 Into a boundless blessing, which may vie
 With the immortal lights, in its eternity!

CIV.

'Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,
 Peopling it with affections ! but he found
 It was the scene which passion must allot
 To the mind's purified beings : 'twas the ground
 Where early Love his Pysche's zone unbound,
 And hallowed it with loveliness ; 'tis loue,
 And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,
 And sense, and sigh of sweetness ; here the Rhone
 Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have rear'd a throne

CV.

Lausanne ! and Ferney ! ye have been the abodes (23)
 Of names which unto you bequeath'd a name ;
 Mortals, who sought and found, by dangerous roads,
 A path to perpetuity of fame :
 They were gigantic minds, and their steep aim,
 Was Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile [flame
 Thoughts which should call down thunder, and the
 Of Heaven, again assail'd, if Heaven the while
 On man and man's research could deign do more than smile

CVI.

The one was fire and fickleness, a child,
 Most mutable in wishes but in mind,
 A wit as various,—gay, grave, sage, or wild,—
 Historian, bard, philosopher, combined ;
 He multiplied himself among mankind,
 The Proteus of their talents ; But his own
 Breathed most in ridicule,—which, as the wind,
 Blew where it listed, laying all things prone,—
 Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a throne.

CVII.

The other, deep and slow, exhausting thought,
 And hiving wisdom with each studious year,
 In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,
 And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,
 Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer ;
 The lord of irony,—that master-spell,
 Which stung his foes to wrath, which grew from fear,
 And doom'd him to the zealot's ready Hell,
 Which answers to all doubts so eloquently well.

CVIII.

Yet, peace be with their ashes,—for by them,
If merited, the penalty is paid ;
It is not ours to judge,—far less condemn ;
The hour must come when such things shall be made
Known unto all,—or hope and dread allay'd
By slumber, on one pillow,—in the dust,
Which, thus much we are sure, must lie decay'd ;
And when it shall revive, as is our trust,
'Twill be to be forgiven, or suffer what is just.

CIX.

But let me quit man's works, again to read
His Maker's spread around me, and suspend
This page, which from my reveries I feed,
Until it seems prolonging without end.
The clouds above me to the white Alps tend,
And I must pierce them, and survey whate'er
May be permitted, as my steps I bend
To their most great and growing region, where
The earth to her embrace compels the powers of air.

CX.

Italia! too, Italia! looking on thee
Full flashes on the soul the light of ages,
Since the fierce Carthaginian almost won thec,
To the last halo of the chiefs and sages,
Who glorify thy consecrated pages ;
Thou wert the throne and grave of empires : still,
The fount at which the panting mind assuages
Her thirst of knowledge, quaffing there her fill,
Flows from the eternal source of Rome's imperial hill.

CXI.

Thus far I have proceeded in a theme
Benedewd with no kind auspices :—to feel
We are not what we have been, and to deem
We are not what we should be,—and to steel
The heart against itself; and to conceal,
With a proud caution, love, or hate, or aught,—
Passion or feeling, purpose, grief or zeal,—
Which is the tyrant spirit of our thought,
Is a stern task of soul :—No matter,—it is taught.

CXII.

And for these words, thus woven into song,
 It may be that they are a harmless wile,—
 The colouring of the scenes which fleet along,
 Which I would seize, in passing, to beguile
 My breast, or that of others, for a while.
 Fame is the thirst of youth,—but I am not
 So young as to regard men's frown or smile,
 As loss or guerdon of a glorious lot;
 I stood and stand alone,—remembered or forgot.

CXIII.

I have not loved the world nor the world me ;
 I have not flattered it's rank breath, nor bow'd
 To it's idolatries a patient knee,—
 Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles,—nor cried aloud
 In worship of an echo ; in the crowd
 They could not deem me one of such ; I stood
 Among them, but not of them ; in a shroud (could,
 Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and still
 Had I not filed (24) my mind, which thus itself subdued.

CXIV.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me,—
 But let us part fair foes ; I do believe,
 Though I have found them not, that there may be
 Words which are things,—hopes which will not deceive
 And virtues which are merciful, nor weave
 Snares for the failing : I would also deem
 O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve ; (25)
 That two, or one, are almost what they seem,—
 That goodness is no name, and happiness no dream.

CXV.

My daughter ! with thy name this song begun—
 My daughter ! with thy name thus much shall end—
 I see thee not,—I hear thee not,—but none
 Can be so wrapt in thee ; thou art the friend
 To whom the shadows of far years extend :
 Albeit my brow thou never shouldst behold,
 My voice shall with thy future visions blend,
 And reach into thy heart,—when mine is cold,—
 A token and a tone, even from thy father's mould.

CXVI.

To aid thy mind's developement,—to watch
 Thy dawn of little joys,—to set and see
 Almost thy very growth,—to view thee catch
 Knowledge of objects,—wonders yet to thee!
 To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,
 And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss,—
 This, it should seem, was not reserv'd for me ;
 Yet this was in my nature :—as it is,
 I know not what is there, yet something like to this.

CXVII.

Yet, though dull Hate as duty should be taught,
 I know that thou wilt love me ; though my name
 Should be shut from thee, as a spell still fraught
 With desolation,—and a broken claim :
 Though the grave closed between us,—'twere the same
 I know that thou wilt love me ; though to drain
 My blood from out thy being, were an aim,
 And an attainment,—all would be in vain,—
 Still thou wouldst love me, still that more than life retain

CXVIII.

The child of love,—though born in bitterness,
 And nurtured in convulsion. Of thy sire
 These were the elements,—and thine no less.
 As yet such are around thee,—but thy fire
 Shall be more tempered, and thy hope far higher.
 Sweet be thy cradled slumber ! O'er the sea,
 And from the mountains where I now respire,
 Fain would I waft such blessing upon thee,
 As, with a sigh, I deem thou mightst have been to me !

NOTES TO THE THIRD CANTO,

1. "Pride of place" is a term of falconry, and means the highest pitch of flight.
2. See the famous Song on Harmodius and Aristogiton. The best English translation is in Bland's Anthology, by Mr. Denman,
"With myrtle my sword will I wreath," &c.
3. On the night previous to the action, it is said that a ball was given at Brussels.
4. Sir Evan Cameron, and his descendant Donald, the "gentle Lochiel" of the "forty five."
5. The wood of Soignies is supposed to be a remnant of the "forest of Ardennes," famous in Boiordo's Orlando and immortal in Shakespear's "As you like it."
6. My guide from Mount St. Jean over the field seemed intelligent and accurate. The place where Major Howard fell was not far from two tall and solitary trees which stand a few yards from each other at a pathway's side. Beneath these he died and was buried. The body has since been removed to England.
7. The (fabled) apples on the brink of the lake Asphaltes, where said to be fair without, and within ashes—Vide Tacitus, Histor. 1. 5. 7.
8. The great error of Napoleon, "if we have writ our annals true," was a continued obtrusion on mankind of his want of all community of feeling for or with them; perhaps more offensive to human vanity than the active cruelty of more trembling and suspicious tyranny.

10. "What wants that knave
"That a king should have?"

was King James's question on meeting Johnny Armstrong and his followers in full accoutrements.—See the Ballad.

11. The castle of Drachenfels stands on the highest summit of the "Seven mountains," over the Rhine banks.

12. The monument of the young and lamented General Marceau (killed by a rifle-ball at Alterkirchen on the last day of the fourth year of the French republic) still remains as described.

13. Ehrenbreitstein, i. e. "the broad stone of honour," one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, was dismantled and blown up by the French at the truce of Leoben.

14. The chapel is destroyed, and the pyramid of bones diminished to a small number by the Burgundian legion in the service of France, who anxiously effaced this record of their ancestors' less successful invasions.

15. Aventicum (near Morat) was the Roman capital of Helvetia, where Avenches now stands.

16. Julia Alpinula, a young Aventian priestess, died soon after a vain endeavour to save her father, condemned to death as a traitor by Aulus Cæcina. Her epitaph was discovered many years ago;—it is thus—

Julia Alpinula
Hic jaceo
Infelicit patris, infelix proles
Deo Aventiæ Sacerdos;
Exorare patris necem non potui
Male mori in fatis ille erat.
Vixi annos XXIII.



I know of no human composition so affecting as this, nor a history of deeper interest.

17. This is written in the eye of Mont Blanc (June 3d, 1816) which even at this distance dazzles mine.

(July 20th) I this day observed for some time the distinct reflection of Mont Blanc and Mont Argentiere in the calm of the lake, which I was crossing in my boat; the distance of these mountains from their mirror is 60 miles.

18. The colour of the Rhone at Geneva is *blue*, to a depth of tint which I have never seen equalled in water, salt or fresh, except in the Mediterranean and Archipelago.

19. This refers to the account in his "Confessions," of his passion for the Comtesse d' Houdetot, (the mistress of St. Lambert) and his long walk every morning for the sake of the single kiss, which was the common salutation of French acquaintance.

20. It is to be recollected, that the most beautiful and impressive doctrines of the divine Founder of Christianity were delivered, not in the *Temple*, but on the *Mount*.

21. The thunder-storms to which these lines refer, occurred on the 13th of June, 1816, at midnight. I have seen among the Acroceraunian mountains of Chimari several more terrible, but none more beautiful.

22. Rousseau's *Heloise*, Lettre 17, part 4, note.

23. Voltaire and Gibbon.

24. —————— "If it be thus,
"For Banquo's issue have I *filed* my mind."
Macbeth.

25. It is said by Rochefoucault "there is *always* something in the misfortunes of men's best friends not displeasing to them."

Venice, January 2, 1818.

TO

JOHN HOBHOUSE, ESQ. A. M. F. R. S.

&c. &c. &c.

MY DEAR HOBHOUSE,

AFTER an interval of eight years between the composition of the first and last cantos of Childe Harold, the conclusion of the poem is about to be submitted to the public. In parting with so old a friend it is not extraordinary that I should recur to one still older and better,—to one who has beheld the birth and death of the other, and to whom I am far more indebted for the social advantages of an enlightened friendship, than—though not ungrateful—I can, or could be to Childe Harold, for any public favour reflected through the poem on the poet, to one, whom I have known long, and accompanied far, whom I have found wakeful over my sickness and kind in my sorrow, glad in my prosperity, and firm in my adversity, true in counsel and trusty in peril—to a friend often tried and never found wanting ;—to yourself.

In so doing, I recur from fiction to truth, and in dedicating to you in its complete, or at least concluded state, a poetical work which is the longest, the most thoughtful and comprehensive of my compositions, I wish to do honour to myself by the record of many years intimacy with a man of learning, of talent, of steadiness, and of honour. It is not for minds like ours to give or to receive flattery ; yet the praises of sincerity have ever been permitted to the voice of friendship ; and it is not for you, nor even for others, but to relieve a heart which has not elsewhere, or lately, been so much accustomed to the encounter of good-will as to withstand the shock firmly, that I thus attempt to commemorate your good qualities, or rather the advantages which I have derived from their exertion. Even the recurrence of the date of this letter,

the anniversary of the most unfortunate day of my past existence, but which cannot poison my future while I retain the resource of your friendship, and of my own faculties, will henceforth have a more agreeable recollection for both, inasmuch as it will remind us of this my attempt to thank you for an indefatigable regard, such as few men have experienced, and no one could experience without thinking better of his species and of himself.

It has been our fortune to traverse together, at various periods, the countries of chivalry, history, and fable—Spain, Greece, Asia Minor, and Italy; and what Athens and Constantinople were to us a few years ago, Venice and Rome have been more recently. The poem also, or the pilgrim, or both, have accompanied me from first to last; and perhaps it may be a pardonable vanity which induces me to reflect with complacency on a composition which in some degree connects me with the spot where it was produced, and the objects it would fain describe; and however unworthy it may be deemed of those magical and memorable abodes, however short it may fall of our distant conceptions and immediate impressions, yet as a mark of respect for what is venerable, and of feeling for what is glorious, it has been to me a source of pleasure in the production, and I part with it with a kind of regret, which I hardly suspected that events could have left me for imaginary objects.

With regard to the conduct of the last canto, there will be found less of the pilgrim than in any of the preceding, and that little slightly, if at all, separated from the author speaking in his own person. The fact is, that I had become weary of drawing a line which every one seemed determined not to perceive: like the Chinese in Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," whom nobody would believe to be a Chinese, it was in vain that I asserted, and imagined that I had drawn, a distinction between the author and the pilgrim: and the very anxiety to preserve this difference, and disappointment at finding it unavailing, so far crushed my efforts in the composition, that I determined to abandon it altogether—and have done so. The opinions which have been, or may be, formed on that subject, are now a matter of indifference; the work is to depend on itself, and not on the writer; and the author, who has

no resources in his own mind beyond the reputation, transient or permanent, which is to arise from his literary efforts, deserves the fate of authors.

In the course of the following Canto it was my intention, either in the text or in the notes, to have touched upon the present state of Italian literature, and perhaps of manners. But the text, within the limits I proposed, I soon found hardly sufficient for the labyrinth of external objects and the consequent reflections; and for the whole of the notes, excepting a few of the shortest, I am indebted to yourself, and these were necessarily limited to the elucidation of the text.

It is also a delicate, and no very grateful task, to dissent upon the literature and manners of a nation so dissimilar; and requires an attention and impartiality which would induce us,—though perhaps no inattentive observers, nor ignorant of the language or customs of the people amongst whom we have recently abode,—to disturb, or at least defer our judgment, and more narrowly examine our information. The state of literary, as well as political party appears to run, or to have run, so high, that for a stranger to steer impartially between them is next to impossible. It may be enough then, at least for my purpose, to quote from their own beautiful language—“Mi pare che in un paese tutto poetico, che vanga la lingua la più nobile ed insieme la più dolce, tutte tutte le vie diverse si possono tentare, e che sinché la patria di Alfieri e di Monti non ha perduto l’antico valore, in tutte essa dovrebbe essere la prima.” Italy has great names still—Canova, Monti, Ugo Foscolo, Pindemonte, Visconti, Morelli, Cicognara, Albrizzi, Mezzophanti, Mai, Mustoxidi, Aglietti, and Vacca, will secure to the present generation an honorable place in most of the departments of Art, Science, and Belles Lettres; and in some the very highest—Europe—the World—has but one Canova.

It has been somewhere said by Alfieri, that “La pianta nomo nasce più robusta in Italia che in qualunque altra terra—e che gli stessi atroci delitti che vi si commettono ne sono una prova.” Without subscribing to the latter

part of this proposition, a dangerous doctrine, the truth of which may be disputed on better grounds, namely, that the Italians are in no respect more ferocious than their neighbours, that man must be wilfully blind, or ignorantly heedless, who is not struck with the extraordinary capacity of this people, or, if such a word be admissible, their *capabilities*, the facility of their acquisitions, the rapidity of their conceptions, the fire of their genius, their sense of beauty, and amidst all the disadvantages of repeated revolutions, the desolation of battles and the despair of ages, their still unquenched "longing after immortality,"—the immortality of independance. And when we ourselves, in riding round the walls of Rome, heard the simple lament of the labourers' chorus, "Roma! Roma! Roma! Roma non è più come era prima," it was difficult not to contrast this melancholy dirge with the bacchanal roar of the songs of exultation still yelled from the London taverns, over the carnage of Mount St. Jean, and the betrayal of Genoa, of Italy, of France, and of the world, by men whose conduct you yourself have exposed in a work worthy of the better days of our history. For me,

"Non movero mai corda

"Ova la turba die sue ciance assorda."

What Italy has gained by the late transfer of nations, it were useless for Englishmen to enquire, till it becomes ascertained that England has acquired something more than a permanent army and a suspended Habeas Corpus; it is enough for them to look at home. For what they have, done abroad, and especially in the South, "Verily they will have their reward," and at no very distant period.

Wishing you, my dear Hobhouse, a safe and agreeable return to that country whose real welfare can be dearer to none than to yourself, I dedicate to you this poem in its complete state; and repeat once more how truly I am ever

Your obliged

And affectionat friend,

BYRON.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

A ROMAUNT.

CANTO IV.

I.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs ; (1)
A palace and a prison on each hand :
I saw from out the wave her structure rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand :
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sat in state, thron'd on her hundred Isles !

II.

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean, (2)
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers :
And such she was ;—her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deem'd their dignity increas'd.

III.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more, (3)
And silent rows the songless gondolier ;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear :
Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here.
States fall, arts fude—but Nature doth not die.
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy !

IV.

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
 Her name in story, and her long array
 Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
 Above the dogeless city's vanish'd sway;
 Ours is a trophy which will not decay
 With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,
 And Pierre, can not be swept or worn away—
 The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er,
 For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

V.

The beings of the mind are not of clay;
 Essentially immortal, they create
 And multiply in us a brighter ray
 And more beloved existence: that which Fate
 Prohibits to dull life, in this our state
 Of mortal bondage, by these spirits supplied
 First exiles, then replaces what we hate;
 Watering the heart whose early flowers have died
 And with a fresher growth replenishing the void.

VI.

Such is the refuge of our youth and age,
 The first from Hope, the last from Vacancy;
 And this worn feeling peoples many a page,
 And, may be, that which grows beneath mine eye:
 Yet there are things whose strong reality
 Outshines our fairy-land; in shapes and hues
 More beautiful than our fantastic sky,
 And the strange constellations which the Muse
 O'er her wild universe is skilful to diffuse:

VII.

I saw or dreamed of such,—but let them go—
 They came like truth, and disappeared like dreams;
 And whatsoe'er they were—are now but so.
 I could replace them if I would, still teems
 My mind with many a form which aptly seems
 Such as I sought for, and at moments found;
 Let these too go—for waking Reason deems
 Such over-weaning phantasies unsound
 And other voices speak, and other sights surround.

VIII.

I've taught me other tongues—and in strange eyes
 Have made me not a stranger; to the mind
 Which is it self, no changes bring surprise ;
 Nor is it harsh to make, nor hard to find
 A country with—ay, or without mankind ;
 Yet was I born where men are proud to be,
 Not without cause ; and should I leave behind
 The inviolate island of the sage and free,
 And seek me out a home by a remoter sea,

IX.

Perhaps I loved it well : and should I lay
 My ashes in a soil which is not mine,
 My spirit shall resume it—if we may
 Unbodied choose a sanctuary. I twine
 My hopes of being remembered in my line
 With my land's language : If too fond and far
 These aspirations in their scope incline,—
 If my fame should be, as my fortunes are,
 Of hasty growth and blight, and dull Oblivion bar

X.

My name from out the temple where the dead
 Are honoured by the nations—let it be—
 And light the laurels on a loftier head !
 And be the Spartan's epitaph on me—
 “ Sparta hath many a worthier son than he.” (4)
 Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need ;
 The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree
 I planted,—they have torn me,—and I bleed : [seed.
 I should have known what fruit would spring from such a

XI.

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord,
 And, annual marriage now no more renewed,
 The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored,
 Neglected garment of her widowhood !
 St. Mark yet sees his Lion where he stood (5)
 Stand but in mockery of his withered power,
 Over the proud Place where an Emperor sued,
 And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour
 When Venice was a queen with an unequalled dower.

XII.

The **Swabian** sued, and now the **Austrian** reigns—(6)
 An **Emperor** tramples where an **Emperor** kneels ;
 Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and chains
 Clank over sceptred cities ; nations melt
 From power's high pinnacle, when they have felt
 The sunshine for a while, and downward go
 Like lawine loosen'd from the mountain's belt ;
 Oh for one hour of blind old **Dandolo** ! (7)
 Th' octogenarian chief, **Byzantium's** conquering foe.

XIII.

Before **St. Mark** still glow his steeds of brass,
 Their gilded collars glittering in the sun ;
 But is not **Doria's** menace come to pass ? (8)
 Are they *not bridled* ? **Venice**, lost and won,
 Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,
 Sinks, like a sea-weed, into whence she rose !
 Better be whelm'd beneath the waves and shun,
 Even in destruction's depth, her foreign foes,
 From whom submission wrings an infamous repose.

XIV.

In youth she was all glory,—a new **Tyse**,
 Her very by-word sprung from **Victory**,
 The “**Planter of the Lion**,” which through **Fire**
 And **blood** she bore o'er subject earth and sea ;
 Though making many slaves, herself still free,
 And **Europe's** bulwark 'gainst the **Ottomite** ?
 Witness **Troy's** rival, **Candia** ! Vouch it, ye
 Immortal waves that saw **Lepanto's** fight !
 For ye are names no time nor tyranny can blight.

XV.

Statues of glass—all shiver'd—the long file
 Of her dead **Doges** are declin'd to dust ;
 But where they dwelt, the vast and sumptuous pile
 Bespeaks the pageant of their splendid trust ;
 Their sceptre broken, and their sword in rust,
 Have yielded to the stranger : empty halls,
 Thin streets, and foreign aspects, such as must
 Too oft remind her who and what enthrals, (9)
 Have hung a desolate cloud o'er **Venice's** lovely walls.

XVI.

When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse,
 And fettered thousands bore the yoke of war,
 Redemption rose up in the Attic Muse,
 Her voice their only ransom from afar :
 See ! as they chant the tragic hymn, the car
 Of the o'ermaster'd victor stops, the reins
 Fall from his hands—his idle scimitar
 Starts from its belt—he rends his captive's chains,
 And bids him thank the bard for freedom and his strains.

XVII.

Thus, Venice, if no stronger claim were thine,
 Weré all thy proud historic deeds forgot,
 Thy choral memory of the Bard divine,
 Thy love of Tasso, should have cut the knot
 Which ties thee to thy tyrants ; and thy lot
 Is shameful to the nations,—most of all,
 Albion ! to thee : the Ocean queen should not
 Abandon Ocean's children ; in the fall
 Of Venice think of thine, despite thy watery wall.

XVIII.

I lov'd her from my boyhood—she to me
 Was as a fairy city of the heart,
 Rising like water-columns from the sea,
 Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart ;
 And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakespeare's art,
 Had stamp'd her image in me, and even so,
 Although I found her thus, we did not part,
 Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,
 Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a show.

XIX.

I can repeople with the past—and of
 The present there is still for eye and thought,
 And meditation chasten'd down; enough ;
 And more, it may be, than I hoped or sought ;
 And of the happiest moments which were wrought
 Within the web of my existence, some
 From thee, fair Venie ! have their colours caught :
 There are some feelings Time can not benumb,
 Nor Torture shake, or mine would now be cold and dumb.

XX.

But from their nature will the taunen grow (10)
 Loftiest on loftiest and least sheltered rocks,
 Rooted in barrenness, where nought below
 Of soil supports them 'gainst the Alpine shocks
 Of eddying storms ; yet springs the trunk, and mocks
 The howling tempest, till its height and frame
 Are worthy of the mountains from whose blocks
 Of bleak, grey, granite, into life it came,
 And grew a giant tree ;—the mind may grow the same.

XXI.

Existence may be borne, and the deep root
 Of life and sufferance make its firm abode
 In bare and desolated bosoms : mute
 The camel labours with the heaviest load,
 And the wolf dies in silence,—not bestow'd
 In vain should such example be ? if they,
 Things of ignoble or of savage mood,
 Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay
 May temper it to bear,—it is but for a day.

XXII.

All suffering doth destroy, or is destroy'd,
 Even by the sufferer ? and, in each event
 Ends :—Some, with hope replenish'd and rebuoy'd,
 Return to whence they came—with like intent,
 And weave their web again : some, bow'd and bent,
 Wax gray and ghastly, withering ere their time,
 And perish with the reed on which they leant :
 Some seek devotion, toil, war, good or crime,
 According as their souls were form'd to sink or climb,

XXIII.

But ever and anon of griefs subdued
 There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,
 Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued !
 And slight withal may be the things which bring
 Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
 Aside for ever : it may be a sound—
 A tone of music,—summer's eve—or spring,
 A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
 Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound

XXIV.

And how and why we know not, nor can trace
 Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,
 But feel the shock renew'd nor can efface
 The blight and blackening which it leaves behind,
 Which out of things familiar, undesign'd,
 When least we deem of such, calls up to view
 The spectres whom no exorcism can bind,
 The cold—the changed—perchance the dead—anew,
 The mourn'd, the loved, the lost—too many!—yet how few!

XXV.

But my soul wanders; I demand it back
 To meditate amongst decay, and stand
 A ruin amidst ruins; there to track
 Fall'n states and buried greatness, o'er a land
 Which *was* the mightiest in its old command,
 And *is* the loveliest, and must ever be
 The master-mould of Nature's heavenly hand,
 Wherein were cast the heroic and the free,
 The beautiful, the brave—the lords of earth and sea,

XXVI.

The commonwealth of kinds, the men of Rome!
 And even since, and now, fair Italy!
 Thou art the garden of the world, the home
 Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree;
 Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?
 Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
 More rich than other climes' fertility;
 Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
 With an immaculate charm which can not be defaced.

XXVII.

The Moon is up, and yet it is not night—
 Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
 Of glory streams along the Alpine height
 Of blue Friuli's mountains; Heaven is free
 From clouds, but of all colours seems to be
 Melted to one vast Iris of the West,
 Where the Day joins the past Eternity;
 While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
 Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest!

XXVIII.

A single star is at her side, and reigns
 With her o'er half the lovely heaven ; but still (11)
 Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
 Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rhaetian hill,
 As Day and Night contending were, until
 Nature reclaim'd her order :—gently flows
 The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
 The odorous purple of a new-born rose, glows,
 Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd within it

XXIX.

Fill'd with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
 Comes down upon the waters ; all its hues,
 From the rich sunset to the rising star,
 Their magical variety diffuse :
 And now they change ; a paler shadow strews
 Its mantle o'er the mountains ; parting day
 Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
 With a new colour as it gasps away,
 The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.

XXX.

There is a tomb in Arqua ;—rear'd in air,
 Pillar'd in their sarcophagus, repose
 The bones of Laura's lover : here repair
 Many familiar with his well sung woes,
 The pilgrims of his genius. He rose
 To raise a language, and his land reclaim
 From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes :
 Watering the tree which bears his lady's name (12)
 With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame.

XXXI.

They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died ; (13)
 The mountain-village where his latter days
 Went down the vale of years ; and 'tis their pride—
 An honest pride—and let it be their praise,
 To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
 His mansion and his sepulchre; both plain
 And venerably simple, such as raise
 A feeling more accordant with his strain
 Than if a pyramid form'd his monumental fane.

XXXII.

And the soft quiet hamlet where he dwelt
 Is one of that complexion which seems made
 For those who their mortality have felt,
 And sought a refuge from their hopes decay'd
 In the deep umbrage of a green hill's shade,
 Which shows a distant prospect far away
 Of busy cities, now in vain display'd,
 For they can lure no further ; and the ray
 Of a bright sun can make sufficient holiday,

XXXIII.

Developing the mountains, leaves, and flowers,
 And shining in the brawling brook, where-by,
 Clear as its current, glide the sauntering hours
 With a calm languor, which, though to the eye
 Idlesse it seem, hath its morality.
 If from society we learn to live,
 'Tis solitude should teach us how to die;
 It hath no flatterers; vanity can give
 No hollow aid ; alone—man with his God must strive :

XXXIV.

Or, it may be, with demons, who impair(14)
 The strength of better thoughts, and seek their prey
 In melancholy bosoms, such as were
 Of moody texture from their earliest day,
 And loved to dwell in darkness and dismay,
 Deeming themselves predestin'd to a doom
 Which is not of the pangs that pass away ;
 Making the sun like blood, the earth a tomb,
 The tomb a hell, and hell itself a murkier gloom.

XXXV.

Ferrara ! in thy wide and grass-grown streets,
 Whose symmetry was not for solitude,
 There seems as 'twere a curse upon the seats
 Of former sovereigns, and the antique brood
 Of Este, which, for many an age made good
 Its strength within thy walls, and was of yore
 Patron or tyrant, as the changing mood
 Of petty power impell'd, of those who wore
 The wreath which Dante's brow alone had worn before.

XXXVI.

And Tasso is their glory and their shame.
 Hark to his strain ! and then survey his cell !
 And see how dearly earn'd Torquato's fame,
 And where Alfonso bade his poet dwell ;
 The miserable despot could not quell
 The insulted mind he sought to quench, and blend
 With the surrounding maniacs, in the hell
 Where he had plung'd it. Glory without end
 Scatter'd the clouds away—and on that name attend

XXXVII.

The tears and praises of all time ; while thine
 Would rot in its oblivion—in the sick
 Of worthless dust, which from thy boasted line
 Is shaken into nothing ; but the link
 Thou formest in his fortunes bids us think
 Of thy poor malice, naming thee with scorn—
 Alfonso ! how thy ducal pageants shrink
 From thee ! if in another station born,
 Scarce fit to be the slave of him thou mad'st to mourn.

XXXVIII.

Thou ! form'd to eat, and be despis'd, and die,
 Even as the beast that perish, save that thou
 Hadst a more splendid trough and wider sty ;
He ! with a glory round his furrow'd brow,
 Which emanated then, and dazzles now
 In face of all his foes, the Cruscan quire,
 And Boileau, whose rash envy could allow (15)
 No strain which shamed his country's creaking lyre,
 That whetstone of the teeth—monotony in wire !

XXXIX.

Peace to Torquato's injur'd shade ! 'twas his
 In life and death to be the mark where Wrong
 Aim'd with her poison'd arrows ; but to miss.
 Oh, victor unsurpass'd in modern song !
 Each year brings forth its millions ! but how long
 The tide of generations shall roll on,
 And not the whole combin'd and countless throng
 Compose a mind like thine ? though all in one
 Condens'd their scatter'd rays, they would not form a sun.

XL.

Great as thou art, yet paralleled by those,
 Thy countrymen, before thee born to shine,
 The Bards of Hell and Chivalry ; first rose
 The Tuscan father's comedy divine ;
 Then, not unequal to the Florentine,
 The southern Scott, the minstrel who call'd forth
 A new creation with his magic line,
 And, like the Ariosto of the North,
 Sang ladye-love and war, romance and knightly worth.

XL I.

The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust (16)
 The iron crown of laurel's mimic'd leaves ;
 Nor was the omnibus element unjust,
 For the true laurel-wreath which Glory weaves (17)
 Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves,
 And the false semblance but disgraced his brow ;
 Yet still, if fondly Superatition grieves,
 Know, that the lightning sanctifies below (18)
 Whate'er it strikes ;—yon head is doubly sacred now.

XLII.

Italia ! oh Italia ! thou who hast (19)
 The fatal gift of beauty, which became
 A funeral dower of present woes and past,
 On thy sweet brow is sorrow plough'd by shame,
 And annals graved in characters of flame.
 Oh God ! that thou wert in thy nakedness
 Less lovely or more powerful, and could'st claim
 Thy right, and awe the robbers back, who press
 To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of thy distress ;

LXIII.

Then might'st thou more appal ; or, less desired,
 Be homely and be peaceful, undeplored
 For thy destructive charms ; then, still untired,
 Would not be seen the armed torrent pour'd
 Down the deep Alps ; nor would the hostile horde
 Of many-nation'd spoilers from the Po
 Quaff blood and water ; nor the stranger's sword
 Be thy sad weapon of defence, and so,
 Victor or vanquish'd thou the slave of friend or foe.

L

XLIV.

Wandering in youth, I traced the path of him, (20)
 The Roman friend of Rome's least-mortal mind,
 The friend of Tully: as my bark did skim
 The bright bluē waters with a fanning wind,
 Came Megara before me, and behind
 Ægina lay, Piræus on the right,
 And Corinth on the left; I lay reclined
 Along the prow, and saw all these unite
 In ruin, even as he had seen the desolate sight.

XLV.

For Time hath not rebuilt them, but uprear'd
 Barbaric dwellings on their shattered site,
 Which only make more mourn'd and more endeared
 The few last rays of their far-scattered light,
 And the crush'd' relics of their vanish'd might.
 The Roman saw these tombs in his own age,
 These sepulchres of cities, which excite
 Sad wonder, and his yet surviving page
 The moral lesson bears, drawn from such pilgrimage.

XLVI.

That page is now before me, and on mine
His country's ruin added to the mass
 Of perish'd states he mourn'd in their decline,
 And I in desolation; all that *was*
 Of them destruction *is*; and now, alas!
 Rome—Rome imperial, bows her to the storm,
 In the same dust and blackness, and we pass
 The skeleton of her Titanic form, (21)
 Wrecks of another world whose ashes still are warm.

XLVII.

Yet, Italy! though every other land
 Thy wrongs should ring, and shall, from side to side;
 Mother of Arts! as once of arms; thy hand
 Was then our guardian, and is still our guide;
 Parent of our Religion! whom the wide
 Nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven!
 Europe, repentant of her parricide,
 Shall yet redeem thee, and, all backward driven
 Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven.

XLVIII.

But Arno wins us to the fair white walls,
 Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps
 A softer feeling for her fairy halls,
 Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps
 Her corn, and wine, and oil, and Plenty leaps
 To laughing life, with her redundant horn.
 Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps
 Was modern Luxury of Commerce born,
 And buried Learning rose, redeem'd to a new morn.

XLIX.

There, too, the Goddess loves in stone, and fills (22)
 The air around with beauty ; we inhale
 The ambrosial aspect, which, beheld, instils
 Part of its immortality ; the veil
 Of heaven is half undrawn ; within the pale
 We stand, and in that form and face behold
 What Mind can make, when Nature's self would fail ;
 And to the fond idolaters of old
 Envу the innate flash which such a soul could mould :

L

We gaze and turn away, and know not where,
 Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart
 Reels with its fulness ; there—for ever there—
 Chain'd to the chariot of triumphal Art,
 We stand as captives, and would not depart.
 Away !—there need no words, nor terms precise,
 The paltry jargon of the marble mart,
 Where Pedantry gulls Folly—we have eyes :
 Blood—pulse—and breast, confirm the Dardan Shepherd's
 [prize.

LI.

Appear'dst thou not to Paris in this guise ?
 Or to more deeply blest Anchises ? or,
 In all thy perfect goddess-ship, when lies
 Before thee thy own vanquish'd Lord of War ?
 And gazing in thy face as towards a star,
 Laid on thy lap, his eyes to thee upturn,
 Feeding on thy sweet cheek ! (23) while thy lips are
 With lava kisses melting while they burn,
 Showered on his eyelids, brow, and mouth, as from a urn !

LII.

Glowing, and circumfused in speechless love,
 Their full divinity inadequate
 That feeling to express, or to improve,
 The gods become as mortals, and man's fate
 Has moments like their brightest; but the weight
 Of earth recoils upon us; let it go!
 We can recal such visions, and create,
 From what has been, or might be, things which grow
 Into thy statue's form, and look like gods below.

LIII.

I leave to learned fingers, and wise hands,
 The artist and his ape, to teach and tell
 How well his connoisseurship understands
 The graceful bend, and the Voluptuous swell;
 Let these describe the undescribable;
 I would not their vile breath should crisp the stream
 Wherein that image shall for ever dwell;
 The unruffled mirror of the lovelist dream
 That ever left the sky on the deep soul to beam,

LIV.

In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie (24)
 Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
 Even in itself an immortality,
 Though there were nothing saye the past, and this,
 The particle of those sublimities
 Which have relaps'd to chaos:—here repose
 Angelo's Alfieri's bones, and his, (25)
 The starry Galileo, with his woes;
 Here Machiavelli's earth, return'd to whence it rose. (26)

LV.

These are four minds, which, like the elements,
 Might furnish forth creation:—Italy!
 Time, which hath wrong'd thee with ten thousand rents
 Of thine imperial garment, shall deny,
 And hath denied, to every other sky,
 Spirits which soar from ruin:—thy decay
 Is still impregnate with divinity,
 Which gilds it with revivifying ray;
 Such as the great of yore, Canova is to-day.

LVI.

But where repose the all Etruscan three—
 Dante, and Petrarch, and, scarce less, than they,
 The Bard of Prose, creative spirit ! he
 Of the Hundred Tales of love—where did they lay
 Their bones, distinguish'd from our common clay
 In death as life ? Are they resolv'd to dust,
 And have their country's marbles nought to say ?
 Could not her quarries furnish forth one bust ?
 Did they not to her breast their filial earth entrust ?

LVII.

Ungrateful Florence ! Dante sleeps afar, (27)
 Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore ; (28)
 Thy factions, in their worse than civil war,
 Proscribed the bard whose name for evermore
 Their children's children would in vain adore
 With the remorse of ages and the crown (26)
 Which Petrarch's laureate brow supremely wore,
 Upon a fair and foreign soil had grown,
 His life, his fame, his grave, though rifled—not thine own

LVIII.

Boccaccio to his parent earth bequeathed (30)
 His dust,—and lies it not her Great among,
 With many a sweet and solemn requiem breath'd
 O'er him who form'd the Tuscan's siren tongue
 That music in itself, whose, sounds are song,
 The poetry of speech ? No ;—even his tomb
 Uptorn, must bear the hyena bigot's wrong,
 No more amidst the meaner dead find room,
 Nor claim a passing sigh, because it told for whom !

LIX.

And Santa Croce wants their mighty dust ;
 Yet for this want more noted, as of yore
 The Cæsar's pageant, shorn of Brutus' bust,
 Did but of Rome's best Son remind her more ;
 Happier Ravenna ! on thy hoary shore,
 Fortress of falling empire ! honoured sleeps
 The imortal exile ;—Arqua, too, her store
 Of tuneful relics proudly claims and keeps ;
 While Florence vainly begs her banish'd dead and weeps.

LX.

What is her pyramid of precious stones ? (31)
 Of porphyry, jasper, agate, and all hues,
 Of gem and marble, to encrust the boughs
 Of merchant-dukes ? the momentary dews,
 Which, sparkling to the twilight stars, infuse
 Freshness in the green turf that wraps the dead,
 Whose names are mausoleums of the Muse,
 Are gently prest with far more reverent tread
 Than ever paced the slab which paves the princely head.

LXI.

There be more things to greet the heart and eyes
 In Arno's dome of Art's most princely shrine,
 Where Sculpture with her rainbow sister vies ;
 There be more marvels yet—but not for mifte ;
 For I have been accustomed to entwive
 My thoughts with Nature rather in the fields,
 Than Art in galleries ; though a work divine
 Calls for my spirit's homage, yet it yields
 Less than it feels, because the weapon which it wields

LXII.

Is of another temper, and I roam
 By Thrasimene's lake, in the defiles
 Fatal to Roman rashness, more at home ;
 For there the Carthaginian's warlike wiles
 Come back before me, as his skill beguiles
 The host between the mountains and the shore,
 Where Courage falls in her despairing files,
 And torrents, swoln to rivers with their gore
 Reek through the salty plain, with legion's scatter'd o'er

LXIII.

Like to a forest fell'd by mountain winds ;
 And such the storm of battle on this day,
 And such the phrenzy, whose convulsion blinds
 To all save carnage, that, beneath the fray,
 An earthquake reel'd unheededly away ! (32)
 None felt stern Nature rocking at his feet,
 And yawning forth a grave for those who lay
 Upon their bucklers for a winding sheet ;
 Such is the absorbing hate when warring nations meet !

LXIV.

The Earth to them was as a rolling bark
 Which bore them to Eternity ; they saw
 The Ocean round, but had no time to mark
 The motions of their vessel ; Nature's law,
 In them suspended, reck'd not of the awe
 Which reigns when mountains tremble, and the birds
 Plunge in the clouds for refuge and withdraw
 From their down-toppling nests ; and bellowing herds
 Stumble o'er heaving plains, and man's dread hath no
[words.]

LXV.

Far other scene is Thrasimene now ;
 Her lake a sheet of silver, and her plain
 Rent by no ravage save the gentle plough ;
 Her aged trees rise thick as once the slain
 Lay where their roots are ; but a brook hath ta'en—
 A little rill of scanty stream and bed—
 A name of blood from that day's sanguine rain ;
 And Sanguine to tells ye where the dead
 Made the earth wet, and turn'd the unwilling waters red.

LXVI.

But thou, Clitumnus ! in thy sweetest wave (33)
 Of the most living crystal that was e'er
 The haunt of river nymph, to gaze and lave
 Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost rear
 Thy grassy banks whereon the milk-white steer
 Grazes ; the purest god of gentle waters !
 And most serene of aspect, and most clear ;
 Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughterers—
 A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughters !

LXVII.

And on thy happy shore a temple still,
 Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,
 Upon a mild declivity of hill,
 Its memory of thee ; beneath it sweeps
 Thy current's calmness ; oft from out it leaps
 The finny darter with the glittering scales,
 Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps ;
 While, chance, some scatter'd water lily sails
[tales.]
 Down where the shallower wave still tells its bubbling

LXVIII.

Pass not unblest the Genius of the place !
 If through the air a zephyr more serene
 Win to the brow, 'tis his ; and if ye trace
 Along his margin a more eloquent green,
 If on the heart the freshness of the scene
 Sprinkle its coolness, and from the dry dust
 Of weary life a moment lave it clean
 With Nature's baptism,—'tis to him ye must
 Pay orisons for his suspension of disgust.

LXIX.

The roar of waters ! from the headlong height
 Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice ;
 The fall of waters ! rapid as the light
 The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss ;
 The hell of waters ! where they howl and hiss,
 And boil in endless torture ; while the sweat
 Of their great agony, wrung out from this
 Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
 That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,

LXX.

And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
 Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
 With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
 Is an eternal April to the ground,
 Making it all one emerald :—how profound
 The gulf ! and the giant element
 From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
 Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent
 With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent

LXXI.

To the broad column which rolls on, and shows
 More like the fountain of an infant sea
 Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
 Of a new world, than only thus to be
 Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,
 With many windings, through the vale ;—Look back !
 Lo ! where it comes like an eternity,
 As if to sweep down all things in its track,
 Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless cataract. (34)

LXXII.

Horribly beautiful ! but on the verge,
 From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
 An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge, (35)
 Like Hope upon death-bed, and, unworn
 Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
 By the distracted waters, bears serene
 Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn
 Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
 Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.

LXXIII.

Once more upon the woody Appennine,
 The infant Alps, which—had I not before
 Gazed on their mightier parents, where the pine
 Sits on more shaggy summits, and where roar (36)
 The thundering lawine—might be worshipp'd more ;
 But I have seen the soaring Jungfrau roar
 Her never-trodden anow, and seen the hoar
 Glaciers of bleak Mont-Blanc both far and near,
 And in Chimari heard the thunder-hills of fear,

LXXIV.

Th' Acrocerauian mountains of old name ;
 And on Parnassus seen the eagles fly
 Like spirits of the spot, as 'twere for fame,
 For still they soared unutterably high ;
 I've look'd on Ida with a Trojan's eye ;
 Athos, Olympus, Etna, Atlas, made
 These hills seem things of lesser dignity,
 All, save the lone Soracte's height displayed
 Not now in snow, which aks the lyric Roman's aid

LXXV.

For our remembrance, and from out the plain
 Heaves like a long-swept wave about to break,
 And on the curl hangs pausing : not in vain
 May he, who will, his recollections rake
 And quote in classic raptures, and awake
 The hill with Latian echoes ; I abhor'd
 Too much, to conquer for the poet's sake,
 The drill'd dull lesson, forced down word by word. (37)
 In my repugnant youth, with pleasure to record

LXXVI.

Aught that recalls the daily drudge which turn'd
 My sickening memory ; and though Time hath taught
 My mind to meditate what then it learn'd,
 Yet such the fix'd inveteracy wrought
 By the impatience of my early thought,
 That, with the freshness wearing out before
 My mind could relish what it might have sought
 If free to choose, I cannot now restore
 Its health ; but what it then detested, still abhor.

LXXVII.

Then farewell, Horace; whom I hated so,
 Not for thy faults, but mine ; it is a curse
 To understand, not feel thy lyric flow,
 To comprehend, but never love thy verse,
 Although no deeper Moralist rehearse
 Our little life, nor Bard prescribe his art,
 Nor livelier Satirist the conscience pierce
 Awaking without wounding the touch'd heart,
 Yet fare thee well—upon Soracte's ridge we part.

LXXVIII.

Oh Rome ! my country ! city of the soul!
 The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
 Lone mother of dead empires ! and controul
 In their shut breast their petty misery.
 What are our woes and sufferance ? Come and see
 The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
 O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, Ye !
 Whose agonies are evils of a day—
 A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

LXXIX.

The Niobe of nations there she stands,
 Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woes,
 An empty urn within her withered hands,
 Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago ;
 The Scipio's tomb contains no ashes now (38)
 The very sepulchres lie tenantless
 Of their heroic dwellers : dost thou flow,
 Old Tiber ! through a marble wilderness ?
 Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress !

LXXX.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,
 Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride;
 She saw her glories star by star expire,
 And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
 Where the car climb'd the capitol; far and wide
 Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:—
 Chaos of ruins! who will trace the void,
 O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
 And say, "here was, or is," where all is doubly night?

LXXXI.

The double night of ages, and of her,
 Night's daughter, Ignorance, have wrapt and wrap
 All round us: we but feel our way to err:
 The ocean hath his chart, the stars their map,
 And Knowledge spreads them on her ample lap;
 But Rome is as the desert, where we steer
 Stumbling o'er recollections; now we clasp
 Our hands, and cry "Euraka!" it is clear—
 When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

LXXXII.

Alas! the lofty city! and alas!
 The trebly hundred triumphs! (39) and the day
 When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
 The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
 Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
 And Livy's pictur'd page!—but these shall be
 Her resurrection; all besides—decay.
 Alas, for Earth, for never shall we see
 That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free!

LXXXIII.

Oh thou, whose chariot roll'd on Fortune's wheel (40)
 Triumphant Sylla! Thou who didst subdue
 Thy country's foes ere thou would pause to feel
 The wrath of thy own wrongs, or reap the due
 Of hoarded vengeance till thine eagles flew
 O'er prostrate Asia;—thou, who with thy frown
 Annihilated senates—Roman, too,
 With all thy vices, for thou didst lay down
 With an atoning smile a more than earthly crown—

LXXXIV.

The dictatorial wreath,—couldst thou divine
 To what would one day dwindle that which made
 Thee more than mortal? and that so supine
 By aught than Romans Rome should thus be laid?
 She who was named Eternal, and array'd
 Her warriors but to conquer—she who veil'd
 Earth with her haughty shadow, and display'd
 Until the o'er-canopied horizon fail'd,
 Her rushing wings—Oh! she who was Almighty hail'd!

LXXXV.

Syria was first of victors; but our own
 The sagest of usurpers, Cromwell; he
 Too swept off senates while he hewed the throne
 Down to a block—immortal rebel! See
 What time it cost to be a moment free
 And famous through all ages! but beneath
 His fate the moral lurks of destiny;
 His day of double victory and death
 Beheld him win two realms, and, happier, yield his breath!

LXXXVI.

The third of the same moon whose former course
 Had all but crown'd him, on the selfsame day
 Deposed him gently from his throne of force,
 And laid him with the earth's preceding clay. (41)
 And showed not Fortune thus how fame and sway,
 And all we deem delightful, and consume
 Our souls to compass through each arduous way,
 Are in her eyes less happy than the tomb?
 Were they but so in man's, how different were his doom!

LXXXVII.

And thou, too, dread statue! yet existent in (42)
 The austerest form of naked majesty
 Thou who beheldst, 'mid the assassins' din,
 At thy bath'd base the bloody Cæsar lie,
 Folding his robe in dying dignity,
 An offering to thine altar from the queen
 Of gods and men, great Nemesis! did he die
 And thou, too, perish, Pompey? have ye been
 Victors of countless kings, or puppets of a scene?

LXXXVIII.

And thou, the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome !(43)
 She-wolf! whose brazen-imaged dugs impart
 The milk of conquest yet within the dome
 Where, as a monument of antique art,
 Thou standest :—Mother of the mighty heart,
 Which the great founder suck'd from thy wild teat,
 Scorch'd by the Roman Jove's ethereal dart,
 And thy limbs black with lightning—dost thou yet
 Guard thine immortal cubs, nor thy fond charge forgot ?

LXXXIX.

Thou dost ;—but all thy foster babes are dead—
 The men of iron ? and the world hath rear'd
 Cities from out their sepulchres : men bled
 In imitation of the things they fear'd,
 And fought and conquer'd, and the same course steer'd
 At apish distance ; but as yet none have,
 Nor could, the same supremacy have near'd,
 Save one vain man, who is not in the grave,
 But, vanquish'd, by himself, to his own slaves a slave—

XC.

The fool of false dominion—and a kind
 Of bastard Cæsar, following him of old
 With steps unequal ; for the Roman's mind
 Was modell'd in a less terrestrial mould, (44)
 With passions fiercer, yet a judgment cold,
 And an immortal instinct which redeem'd
 The frailties of a heart so soft, yet bold,
 Alcides with the distaff now he seem'd
 At Cleopatra's feet,—and now himself he beam'd,

XCI.

And came—and saw—and conquer'd ! But the man
 Who would have tamed his eagles down to flee,
 Like a train'd falcon, in the Gallic van,
 Which he, in sooth, long led to victory,
 With a deaf heart which never seem'd to be
 A listener to itself, was strangely fram'd ;
 With but one weakest weakness—vanity,
 Coquettish in ambition—still he aim'd—
 And what ? can he avouch—or answer what he claim'd ?

XCII.

And would be all or nothing—nor could wait
 For the sure grave to level him ; few years
 Had fix'd him with the Cæsars in his fate,
 On whom we tread : For *this* the conqueror rears
 The arch of triumph ! and for *this* the tears
 And blood of earth flow on as they have flowed,
 An universal deluge, which appears
 Without an ark for wretched man's abode,
 And ebbs but to reflow !—Renew thy rainbow, God !

XCIII.

What from this barren being do we reap ?
 Our senses narrow, and our reason frail. (45)
 Life short, and truth a gem which loves the deep,
 And all things weigh'd in custom's falsest scale ;
 Opinion an omnipotence,—whose veil
 Mantles the earth with darkness, until right
 And wrong are accidents, and men grow pale
 Lest their own judgments should become too bright,
 And their free thoughts be crimes, and earth have too

XCIV. [much light.]

And thus they plod in sluggish misery,
 Rotting from sire to son, and age to age,
 Proud of their trampled nature, and so die,
 Bequeathing their hereditary rage
 To the new race of inborn slaves, who wage
 War for their chains, and rather than be free,
 Bleed gladiator-like, and still engage
 Within the same arena where they see
 Their fellows fall before, like leaves of the same tree.

XCV.

I speak not of men's creeds—they rest between
 Man and his Maker—but of things allowed,
 Aver'd, and known,—and daily, hourly, seen—
 The yoke that is upon us doubly bowed,
 And the intent of tyranny avowed,
 The edict of Earth's rulers, who are grown
 The apes of him who humbled once the proud,
 And shook them from their slumbers on the throne;
 Too glorious, were this all his mighty arm had done.

CXVI.

Can tyrants but by tyrants conquered be,
 And Freedom find no champion and no child
 Such as Columbia saw arise when she
 Sprung forth a Pallas, armed and undefiled ?
 Or must such minds be nourished in the wild,
 Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the roar
 Of cataracts, where nursing Nature smiled
 On infant Washington ? Has Earth no more
 Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no such shore ?

XCVII.

But France got drunk with blood to vomit crime,
 And fatal have her Saturnalia been
 To Freedom's cause, in every age and clime ;
 Because the deadly days which we have seen,
 And vile Ambition, that built up between
 Man and his hopes an adamantine wall,
 And the base pageant last upon the scene,
 Are grown the pretext for the eternal thrall
 Which nips life's tree, and dooms man's worst—his
 [second fall.]

XCVIII.

Yet, Freedom ! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
 Streams like the thunder-storm *against* the wind ;
 Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying,
 The loudest still the tempest leaves behind ;
 Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and the rind,
 Chopp'd by the axe, looks rough and little worth,
 But the sap lasts,—and still the seed we find
 Sown deep, even in the bosom of the North ;
 So shall a better spring less bitter fruit bring forth.

XCIX.

There is a stern round tower of other days, (46)
 Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone,
 Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
 Standing with half its battlements alone,
 And with two thousand years of ivy grown,
 The garland of eternity, where wave
 The green leaves over all by time o'erthrown ;—
 What was this tower of strength ? within its cave
 What treasure lay so lock'd, so hid ?—A woman's grave.

C.

But who was she, the lady of the dead,
 Tombed in a palace? Was she chaste and fair?
 Worthy a king's—or more—a Roman's bed?
 What race of chiefs and heroes did she bear?
 What daughter of her beauties was the heir?
 How lived—how loved—how died she? Was she not
 So honoured—and conspicuously there,
 Where meaner relics must not dare to rot,
 Placed to commemorate a more than mortal lot?

CI.

Was she as those who love their lords, or they
 Who love the lords of others? such have been,
 Even in the olden time Rome's annals say.
 Was she a matron of Cornelia's mien,
 Or the light air of Egypt's graceful queen,
 Profuse of joy—or 'gainst it did she war,
 Inveterate in virtue? Did she lean
 To the soft side of the heart, or wisely bar
 Love from amongst her griefs? for such the affections are.

CII.

Perchance she died in youth: it may be, bowed
 With woes far heavier than the ponderous tomb
 That weighed upon her gentle dust, a cloud
 Might gather o'er her beauty, and a gloom
 In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom
 Heaven gave its favourite—early death; yet shed (47)
 A sunset charm around her, and illume
 With hectic light, the Hesperus of the dead,
 Of her consuming cheek the autumnal leaf-like red.

CIII.

Perchance she died in age—surviving all,
 Charms, kindred, children—with the silver grey
 On her long tresses, which might yet recal,
 It may be, still a something of the day
 When they were braided, and her prud array
 And lovely form were envied, praised, and eyed
 By Rome—But wither would Conjecture stray?
 Thus much alone we know—Metella died,
 The wealthiest Roman's wife; Behold his joye or pride!

CIV.

I know not why but standing thus by thee
 It seems as if I had thine inmate known,
 Thou tomb ! and other days come back on me
 With recollected music though the tone,
 Is changed and solemn, like the cloudy groan
 Of dying thunder on the distant wind ;
 Yet could I seat me by this ivied stone
 Till I had bodied forth the heated mind
 Forms from the floating wreck which Ruin leaves behind;

CV.

And from the blanks, far shattered o'er the rocks,
 Built me a little bark of hope once more
 To battle with the ocean and the shocks
 Of the loud breakers, and the ceaseless roar
 Which rushes on the solitary shore
 Where all lies foundered that was ever dear ;
 But could I gather from the wave-worn store
 Enough for my rude boat, where should I steer ?
 There woos no home, nor hope, nor life, save what is here.

CVI

Then let thy winds howl on ! their harmony
 Shall henceforth be my music, and the night
 The sound shall temper with the owlet's cry,
 As I now hear them, in the fading light,
 Dim o'er the bird of darkness' native site,
 Answering each other on the Palatine,
 With their large eyes, all glistening grey and bright,
 And sailing pinions—Upon such a shrine
 What are our petty griefs ?—let me not number mine.

CVII.

Cypress and ivy, weed and wall-flower grown
 Matted and mass'd together, hillocks heap'd
 On what were chambers, arch crush'd, column strown
 In fragments, chok'd up vaults, and frescos steep'd
 In subterranean damps, where the owl peep'd,
 Deeming it midnight ;—Temples, baths or halls ?
 Pronounce who can ; for all that learning reap'd
 From her research hath been, that these are walls—
 Behold the Imperial Mount ! 'tis thus the mighty falls.

CVIII.

There is the mortal of all human tales; (48)
 'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,
 First Freedom, and then Glory—when that fails,
 Wealth, vice, corruption,—barbarism at last.
 And History, with all her volumes vast,
 Hath but *one* page,—'tis better written here,
 Where gorgeous Tyranny had thus amass'd
 All treasures, all delight, that eye or ear,
 Heart, soul could seek, tongue ask—Away with words !

draw near,

CIX.

Admire, exult—despise—laugh, weep,—for here
 There is much matter for all feeling.—Man !
 Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear,
 Ages and realms are crowded in this span,
 This mountain, whose obliterated plan,
 The pyramid of empires pinnacled,
 Of Glory's gewgaws shining in the van
 Till the sun's rays with added flame were fill'd! [byld.
 Where are its golden roofs ? where those who dared to

CX.

Tully was not so eloquent as thou,
 Thou nameless column with the buried base !
 What are the laurels of the Cæsar's brow !
 Crown me with ivy from his dwelling-place.
 Whose arch or pillar meets me in the face,
 Titus or Trajan's? No—'Tis that of Time ;
 Triumph, arch, pillar, all he doth displace
 Scoffing ; and apostolic statues climb
 To crush the imperial urn, whose ashes slept sublime, (49)

CXI.

Buried in air, the deep blue sky of Rome,
 And looking to the stars ; they had contain'd
 A spirit which with these would find a home,
 The last of those who o'er the whole earth reign'd,
 The Roman globe, for after none sustain'd,
 But yielded back his conquest ;—he was more
 Then a mere Alexander, and, unstain'd
 With household blood and wine, serenely wore
 His sovereign virtues—still we Trajan's name adore. (50)

CXII.

Where is the rock of Triumph, the high place
 Where Rome embraced her heroes? where the steep
 Tarpeian? fittest goal of Treason's race,
 The promontory whence the Traitor's Leap
 Cured all ambition. Did the conquerors heap
 Their spoils here? Yes; and in yon field below,
 A thousand years of silenced factions sleep—
 The Forum, where the immortal accents glow,
 And still the eloquent air breathes—burns with Cicero!

CXIII.

The field of freedom, faction, fame, and blood;
 Here a proud people's passions were exhaled,
 From the first hour of empire in the bud
 To that when further worlds to conquer fail'd;
 But long before had Freedom's face been veil'd;
 And Anarchy assumed her attributes;
 Till every lawless soldier who assail'd
 Trod on the trembling senate's slavish mutes,
 Or raised the venal voice of baser prostitutes.

CXIV.

Then turn we to her latest tribune's name,
 From her ten thousand tyrants turn to thee,
 Redeemer of dark centuries of shame—
 The friend of Petrarch—hope of Italy—
 Rienzi! last of Romans! While the tree (51)
 Of Freedom's withered trunk puts forth a leaf,
 Even for thy tomb a garland let it be—
 The forum's champion, and the people's chief—
 Her new-born Numa thou—with reign, alas! too brief.

CXV.

Egeria! sweet creation of some heart (52)
 Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
 As thine ideal breast; whate'er thou art
 Or wert,—a young Aurora of the air,
 The nympholepsy of some fond despair;
 Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,
 Who found a more than common votary there
 Too much adoring; whatsoe'er thy birth,
 Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth.

CXVI.

The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled
 With thine Elysian water-drops; the face
 Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years un wrinkled,
 Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,
 Whose green, wild margin now no more erase
 Art's works; nor must the delicate waters sleep,
 Poisoned in marble, bubbling from the base
 Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap
 The rill runs o'er, and round, fern, flowers, and ivy, creep,

CXVII.

Fantastically tangled; the green hills
 Are clothed with early blossoms, through the grass
 The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the bills
 Of summer birds sing welcome as ye pass;
 Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their class,
 Implore the pausing step, and with their dyes
 Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass;
 The sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes,
 Kiss'd by the breath of heaven, seems coloured by its skies

CXVIII.

Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted cover,
 Egeria! thy all heavenly bosom beating
 For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover
 The purple Midnight veil'd that mystic meeting
 With her most starry canopy, and seating
 Thyselv by thine adorer, what befel?
 This cave was surely shaped out for the greeting
 Of an enamour'd Goddess, and the cell
 Haunted by holy Love—the earliest oracle!

CXIX.

And didst thou not, thy breast to his replying,
 Blend a celestial with a human heart
 And love, which dies as it was born, in sighing,
 Share with immortal transports; could thine art
 Make them indeed immortal, and impart
 The purity of heaven to earthly joys,
 Expel the venom and not blunt the dart—
 The dull satiety which all destroys—
 And root from out the soul the deadly weed which cloys?

CXX.

Alas! our young affections run to waste,
 Or water but the desert; whence arise
 But weeds of dark luxuriance, tares of haste,
 Rank at the core though tempting to the eyes,
 Flowers whose wild odours breathe but agonies,
 And trees whose gums are poison; such plants
 Which spring beneath her steps as Passion flies
 O'er the world's wilderness, and vainly pants
 For some celestial fruit forbidden to our wants.

CXXI.

Oh love! no habitant of earth thou art—
 An unseen seraph, we believe in thee,
 A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart,
 But never yet hath seen, nor e'er shall see
 The naked eye, the form, as it should be;
 The mind hath made thee, as it peopled heaven,
 Even with its own desiring phantasy,
 And to a thought such shapes and image given
 As haunts the unquench'd soul, parch'd wearied, wrung,
 [and riven.

CXXII.

Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,
 And fevers into false creation:—where
 Where are the charms the sculptor's soul hath seized?
 In him alone. Can Nature shew so fair?
 Where are the charms and virtues which we dare
 Conceive in boy-hood and pursue as men
 The unreach'd Paradise of our despair,
 Which o'er-informs the pencil and the pen,
 And overpowers the page where it would bloom ag ain?

CXXIII.

Who loves, raves—'tis youth's frenzy—but the cure
 Is bitterer still; as charm by charm unwinds
 Which robed our idols, and we see too sure
 Nor worth nor beauty dwells from out the mind's
 Ideal shape of such; yet still it binds
 The fatal spell, and still it draws us on,
 Reaping the whirlwind from the oft-sown winds;
 The stubborn heart, its alchemy begun
 Seems ever near the prize,—wealthiest when most undone

CXXIV.

We wither from our youth, we gasp away—
 Sick—sick; unsound the boon—unslaked the thirst,
 Though to the last, in verge of our decay,
 Some phantoms lure, such as we sought at first—
 But all too late,—so are we doubly curst.
 Love, fame, ambition, avarice, 'tis the same,
 Each idle—and all ill—and none the worst—
 For all are meteors with a different name,
 And death the sabre smoke where vanishes the flame.

CXXV.

Few—none—find what they love or could have loved,
 Through accident, blind contract, and the strong
 Necessity of loving, having removed
 Antipathies—but to recur, ere long,
 Envenomed with irrevocable wrong;
 And Circumstance, that unspiritual god
 And miscreator, makes and helps along
 Our coming evils with a crutch-like rod, [trod.
 Whose touch turns Hope to dust—the dust we all have

CXXVI.

Our life is a false nature—'tis not in
 The harmony of things,—this hard decree,
 This uneradicable taint of sin,
 This boundless upas, this all-blasting tree,
 Whose root is earth, whose leaves and branches be
 The skies which rain their plagues on men like dew—
 Disease, death, bondage—all woes we see—
 And worse, the woes we see not—which throb through
 The immedicable soul, with heart-aches ever new.

CXXVII.

Yet let us ponder boldly—'tis a base (53)
 Abandonment of reason to resign
 Our right of thought—our last and only place
 Of refuge; this, at least, shall still be mine.
 Though from our birth the faculty divine
 Is chain'd and tortured—cabin'd cribb'd, confined,
 And bred in darkness, lest the truth should shine
 Too brightly on the unprepared mind,
 The beam a pours in, for time and skill will couch the blind.

CXXVIII.

Arches on arches ! as it were that Rome,
 Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
 Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
 Her Coliseum stands ; the moonbeams shine
 As 'twere its natural torches, for divine
 Should be the light which streams here, illume
 This long-explored but still exhaustless mine
 Of contemplation ; and the azure gloom
 Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

CXXIX.

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of heaven,
 Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
 And shadows forth its glory. There is given
 Unto the things of earth, which time hath bent,
 A spirit's feelings and where he hath leant
 His hands, but broke his scythe, there is a power
 And magic in the ruined battlement,
 For which the palace of the present hour
 Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.

CXXX.

Oh time ! the beautifier of the dead,
 Adorner of the ruin, comforter
 And only healer when the heart hath bled—
 Time ! the corrector where our judgments err,
 The test of truth, love,—sole philosopher,
 For all beside are sophists, from thy thirst,
 Which never loses though it doth defer—
 Time, the avenger ! unto thee I lift
 My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of thee a gift :

CXXXI.

Amidst this wreck, where thou hast made a shrine
 And temple more divinely desolate
 Among thy mightier offering here are mine,
 Ruins of years—though few, yet full of fate :—
 If thou hast ever seen me too elate,
 Hear me not ; but if calmly I have borne
 Good, and reserved my pride against the late
 Which shall not whelm me, let me not have worn
 This iron in my soul in vain—shall they not mourn ?

CXXXII.

And thou, who never yet of human wrong
 Lost the unbalanced scale, great Nemesis! (54)
 Here, where the ancient paid thee homage long—
 Thou, who didst call the Furies from the abyss,
 And round Orestes bade them howl and hiss
 For that unnatural retribution—just
 Had it but been from hands less near—in this
 Thy former realm, I call thee from the dust! [must.
 Dost thou not hear my heart?—Awake! thou shalt, and

CXXXIII.

It is not that I may not have incur'd
 For my ancestral faults or mine the wound
 I bleed withal, and, had it been conferr'd
 With a just weapon, it had flow'd unbound;
 But now my blood shall not sink in the ground;
 To thee I do devote it—thou shalt take
 The vengeance, which shall yet be sought and found,
 Which if I have not taken for the sake—
 But let that pass—I sleep, but thou shalt yet awake,

CXXXIV.

And if my voice break forth, 'tis not that now
 I shrink from what is suffered: let him speak
 Who hath beheld decline upon my brow,
 Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it weak;
 But in this page a record will I seek.
 Not in the air shall these my words disperse,
 Though I be ashes; a far hour shall wreak
 The deep prophetic fulness of this verse,
 And pile on human heads the mountain of my curse!

CXXXV.

That curse shall be Forgiveness.—Have I not—
 Hear me, my mother Earth! behold it, Heaven!—
 Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?
 Have I not suffered things to be forgiven?
 Have I not had my brain seared, my heart riven,
 Hopes sapp'd, name blighted, Life's life lied away?
 And only not to desperation driven,
 Because not altogether of such clay
 As rots into the souls of those whom I survey.

CXXXVI.

From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy
 Have I not seen what human things could do?
 From the loud roar of foaming calumny
 To the small whisper of the as paltry few,
 And subtler venom of the reptile crew,
 The Janus glance of whose significant eye
 Learning to lie with silence, would seem true,
 And without utterance, save the shrug or sigh,
 Deal round to happy fools its speechless obloquy,

CXXXVII.

But I have lived, and have not lived in vain ;
 My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,
 And my frame perish even in conquering pain,
 But there is that within me which shall tire
 Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire ;
 Something unearthly, which they deem not of,
 Like the remembered tone of a mute lyre,
 Shall on their softened spirits sink, and move
 In hearts all rocky now the late remorse of love.

CXXXVIII.

The seal is set—Now welcome, thou dread power!
 Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here
 Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour
 With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear ;
 Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls roar
 Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene
 Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear
 That we become a part of what has been,
 And grow unto the spot, all-seeing but unseen.

CXXXIX.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
 In murmured pity, or loud-roared applause,
 As man was slaughtered by his fellow man.
 And wherefore slaughtered? wherefore, but because
 Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,
 And the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore not?
 What matters where we fall to fill the maws,
 Of worms—on battle plains or listed spot?
 Both are but theatres where the chief actors rot.

CXL.

I see before me the Gladiator lie : (55)
 He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,
 And his drooped head sinks gradually low—
 And through his side the last drops ebbing slow
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
 Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now
 The arena swims around him—he is gone, [who won.
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch

CXL.I.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
 Were with his heart, and that was far away ;
 He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay
 There were his young Barbarians all at play,
 There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
 Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday—(56)
 All this rush'd with his blood—Shall he expire
 And unavenged?—Arise ! Gotha, and glut your ire !

CXLII.

But here, where Murder breathed her bloody stream ;
 And here, where buzzing nations choked the ways,
 And roar'd or murmur'd like a mountain stream
 Dashing or winding as its torrent strays ;
 Here, with the Roman million's blame or praise
 Was death or life, the plaything of a crowd,
 My voice sounds much—and fall the stars' faint rays
 On the arena void—seats crush'd—walls bow'd—
 And galleries, where my steps seem echoes strangely loud

CXLIII.

A ruin—yet what ruin ! from its mass
 Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been reared ;
 Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass
 And marvel where the spoil could have appeared.
 Hath it indeed been plundered, or but cleared ?
 Alas ! developed, opens the decay,
 When the colossal fabric's form is neared :
 It will not bear the brightness of the day,
 Which streams too much on all years, man, have reft away.

CXLIV.

But when the rising moon begins to climb
 Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there ;
 When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
 And the low night-breeze waves along the air
 The garland-forest, which the grey walls wear,
 Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head ;
 When the light shines serene but doth not glare,
 Then in this magic circle raise the dead :
 Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust ye tread.

CXLV.

“While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand ;
 “When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall ; [land
 “And when Rome falls—the World.” From our own
 Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall
 In Saxon times, which we are wont to call
 Ancient ; and these three mortal things are still
 On their foundations and unaltered all ;
 Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill, [will
 The World, the same wide den—of thieves, or what ye

CXLVI.

Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime—
 Shrine of all saints and temple of all gods,
 From Jove to Jesus—spared and blessed by time ;
 Looking tranquillity, while falls or nods
 Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and man plods
 His way through thorns to ashes—glorious dome !
 Shalt thou not last ? Time's scythe and tyrant's rods
 Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home
 Of art and piety—Pantheon !—pride of Rome !

CXLVII.

Relic of nobler days, and noblest arts !
 Despoiled yet perfect, with thy circle spreads
 A holiness appealing to all hearts—
 To art a model ; and to him who treads
 Rome for the sake of ages, Glory sheds
 Her light through thy sole aperture ; to those
 Who worship, here are altars for their beads ;
 And they who feel for genius may repose [close.
 Their eyes on honoured forms, whose busts around them

CXLVIII.

There is a dungeon, in whose dim drear light !
 What do I gaze on ? Nothing : Look again !
 Two forms are slowly shadowed on my sight—
 Two insulated phantoms of the brain :
 It is not so ; I see them full and plain—
 An old man, and a female young and fair,
 Fresh as a nursing mother, in whose vein
 The blood is nectar : but what doth she there,
 With her unmantled neck, and bosom white and bare.

CXLIX.

Full swells the deep pure fountain of young life,
 Where on the heart and from the heart we took
 Our first and sweetest nurture, when the wife,
 Blest into mother, in the innocent look,
 Or even the piping cry of lips that brook
 No pain and small suspense, a joy perceives.
 Man knows not, when from out its cradled nook
 She sees her little bud put forth its leaves—
 What may the fruit be yet ?—I know not—Cain was Eve's.

CL.

But here youth offers to old age the food,
 The milk of his own gift :—it is her sire
 To whom she renders back the debt of blood
 Born with her birth. No ; he shall not expire
 While in those warm and lovely veins the fire
 Of health and holy feeling can provide
 Great Nature's Nile, whose deep stream rises higher
 Than Egypt's river : from that gentle side
 Drink, drink and live, old man ! Heaven's realms holds

[no such tide.]

CLI.

The starry fable of the milky way
 Has not thy story's purity ; it is
 A constellation of a sweeter ray,
 And sacred Nature triumphs more in this
 Reverse of her decree, than in the abyss
 Where sparkle distant worlds :—Oh, holiest nurse !
 No drop of that clear stream its way shall miss
 To thy sire's heart, replenishing its source
 With life, as our freed souls rejoin the universe.

CLII.

Turn to the Mole which Hadrian rear'd on high,
 Imperial mimic of old Egypt's piles
 Colossal copyist of deformity,
 Whose travelled phantasy from the far Nile's
 Enormous model, doom'd the artist's toils
 To build for giants, and for his vain earth
 His shrunken ashes raise his dome: How smiles
 The gazer's eye with philosophic mirth,
 To view the huge design which sprung from such a birth!

CLIII.

But lo! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome,
 To which Diana's marvel was a cell—
 Christ's mighty shrine above his martyr's tomb!
 I have beheld the Ephesian's miracle—
 Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell
 The Hyena and the jackall in their shade;
 I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell
 Their glittering mass 't the sun, and have survey'd
 Its sanctuary the while the usurping Moslem pray'd;

CLIV.

But thou, of Temple old, or altars new,
 Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—
 Worthiest of God, the holy and the true
 Since Zion's desolation, when that He
 Forsook his former city, what could be,
 Of earthly structures, in his honour piled,
 Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
 Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty, all are aisle'd
 In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

CLV.

Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
 And why? it is not lessened; but thy mind,
 Expanded by the Genius of the spot,
 Has grown colossal, and can only find
 A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
 Thy hopes of immortality; and thou
 Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,
 See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
 His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by his brow.

CVI

Thou movest—but increasing with the advance,
 Like climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise,
 Deceived by its gigantic elegance;
 Vastness which grows—but grows to harmonize—
 All musical in its immensities;
 Rich marbles—richer painting—shrine where flame
 The lamps of Gold—and haughty dome which vies
 In air with Earth's chief structures, though their frame
 Sits on the firm-set ground—and this the clouds must claim.

CVII.

Thou sees't not all; but piecemeal thou must break,
 To separate contemplation, the great whole;
 And as the ocean many bays will make,
 That ask the eye—so here condense the soul
 To more immediate objects, and control
 Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got by heart
 Its eloquent proportions, and unroll
 In mighty gradations, part by part,
 The glory which at once upon thee did not dart,

CXVIII.

Not by its fault—but thine: Our outward sense
 Is but of gradual grasp—and as it is
 That what we have of feeling most intense
 Outstrips our faint expression; even so this
 Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice
 Fools our fond gaze, and greatest of the great
 Defies at first our Nature's littleness,
 Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate
 Our spirits to the size of that they contemplate.

CLIX.

Then pause, and be enlightened; there is more
 In such a survey than the sating gaze
 Of wonder pleased, or awe which would adore
 The worship of the place, or the mere praise
 Of art and its great masters, who could raise
 What former time, nor skill, nor thought could plan
 The fountain of sublimity displays
 Its depth, and thence may draw the mind of man
 Its golden sands, and learn what great conceptions can.

CLX.

Or, turning to the Vatican, go see
 Laocoons torture dignifying pain—
 A father's love and mortal's agony
 With an immortal's patience blending :—Vain
 The struggle; vain, against the coiling strain
 And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,
 The old man's clench ; the long envenomed chain
 Rivets the living links.—the enormous asp
 Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp

CLXI.

Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,
 The God of life, and poesy, and light—
 The Sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow
 All radiant from his triumph in the fight,
 The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright
 With an immortal's vengeance ; in his eye
 And nostril beautiful disdain, and might,
 And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,
 Developing in that one glance the Deity.



CLXII.

But in his delicate form—a dream of Love,
 Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
 Long'd for a deathless lover from above,
 And madden'd in that vision—are exprest
 All that ideal beauty ever bless'd
 The mind with in its most unearthly mood,
 When each conception was a heavenly gust—
 A ray of immortality—and stood,
 Starlike, around, until they gathered to a god !

CLXIII.

And if it be Prometheus, Heaven stole from
 The fire which we endure, it was repaid
 By him to whom the energy was given
 Which this poetic marble hath array'd
 With an eternal glory—which, if made
 By human hands, is not of human thought;
 And Time himself hath hallowed it, nor laid
 One ringlet in the dust—nor hath it caught [wrought
 A tinge of years, but breathes the flame with which 'twas

CLXIV.

But where is he, the Pilgrim of my song,
 The being who upheld it through the past ?
 Methinks he cometh late and tarries long.
 He is no more—these breathings are his last ;
 His wanderings done, his visions ebbing fast,
 And he himself as nothing :—if he was
 Aught but a phantasy, and could be class'd
 With forms which live and suffer—let that pass—
 His shadow fades away into Destruction's mass,

CLXV.

Which gathers shadow, substance, life, and all
 That we inherit in its mortal shroud,
 And spreads the dim and universal pall
 Through which all things grow phantoms ; and the cloud
 Between us sinks and all which ever glowed,
 Till Glory's self is twilight, and displays
 A melancholy halo scarce allowed
 To hover on the verge of darkness ; rays
 Sadler than saddest night, for they distract the gaze,

CLXVI.

And send us prying into the abyss,
 To gather what we shall be when the frame
 Shall be resolv'd to something less then this
 Its wretched essence ; and to dream of fame,
 And wipe the dust from off the idle name,
 We never more shall hear,—but never more,
 Oh, happier thought ! can we be made the same ;
 It is enough in sooth that *once* we bore [gore.
 These fardels of the heart—the heart whose sweat was

CLXVII.

Hark ! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,
 A long low distant murmur of dread sound,
 Such as arises when a nation bleeds
 With some deep and immedicable wound ;
 Through storm and darkness yawns the rending ground
 The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the chief
 Seems royal still, though with her head discrown'd,
 And pale, but lovely, with maternal grief
 She clasps a babe, to whom her breast yields no relief.

CLXVIII.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou ?
 Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead ?
 Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
 Some less majestic, less beloved head ?
 In the said midnight, while thy heart still bled,
 The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,
 Death hush'd that pang for ever ; with thee fled
 The present happiness and promised joy
 Which fill'd the imperial isles so full it seem'd to cloy.

CLXIX.

Peasants bring forth in safety.—can it be,
 Oh thou that wert so happy, so adored !
 Those that weep not for kings shall weep for thee,
 And Freedom's heart, grown heavy, cease to board
 Her many griefs for ONE ; for she had pour'd
 Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head
 Beheld her Iris.—Thou, too, lonely lord,
 And desolate consort—vainly wert thou wed !
 The husband of a year ! the father of the dead !

CLXX.

Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment made ;
 Thy bridal's fruit is ashes ; in the dust
 The fair-haired Daughter of the Isles is laid,
 The love of millions ! How we did entrust
 Futurity to her ! and, though it must
 Darken above our bones, yet fondly deem'd
 Our children should obey her child, and bless'd
 Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise seem'd
 Like stars to shepherds' eyes : 'twas but a meteor beam'd.

CLXXI.

Woe unto us, not her ; for she sleeps well :
 The fickle reel of popular breath, the tongue
 Of hollow counsel, the false oracle,
 Which from the birth of monarchy hath rung
 Its knell in princely ears, till the o'erstung
 Nations have arm'd in madness, the strange fate
 Which trumbles mightiest sovereigns, and hath flung
 Against their blind omnipotence a weight
 Within the opposing scale, which crushes soon or late,—

CLXXXII.

These might have been her destiny ; but no,
 Our hearts deny it : and so young, so fair,
 Good without effort, great without a foe ;
 But now a bride and mother—and now *there* !
 How many ties did that stern moment tear !
 From thy Sire's to this humblest subject's breast
 It linked the electric chain of that despair,
 Whose shock was as an earthquake's, and opprest
 The land which loved thee so that none could love thee

[best.]

CLXXXIII.

Lo, Nemi ! navelled in the woody hills
 So far, that the uprooting wind which tears
 The oak from his foundation, and which spills
 The ocean o'er its boundary, and bears
 Its foam against the skies, reluctant spares
 The oval mirror of thy glassy lake ;
 And, calm as cherish'd hate, its surface wears
 A deep cold settled aspect nought can shake,
 All coiled into itself and round, as sleeps the snake.

CLXXXIV.

And near Albano's scarce divided waves
 Shine from a sister valley ; and afar
 The Tiber winds, and the broad ocean laves
 The Latian coast where sprung the Epic war,
 "Arms and the Man," whose re-ascending star
 Rose o'er an empire ;—but beneath thy right
 Tully reposed from home ;—and where yon bar
 Of girdling mountains intercepts the sight
 The Sabine farm was till'd, the weary bard's delight.

CLXXXV.

But I forget.—My pilgrim's shrine is won,
 And he and I must part,—so let it be,—
 His task and mine alike are nearly done ;
 Yet once more let us look upon the sea ;
 The midland ocean breaks on him and me,
 And from the Alban Mount we now behold
 Our friend of youth, that ocean, which when we
 Beheld it last by Calpe's rock unfold
 Those waves, we followed on till the dark Euxine roll'd.

CLXXVI.

Upon the blue Symplagades : long years—
 Long, though not very many, since have done
 Their work ou both ; some suffering and some tears
 Have left us nearly where we had begun ;
 Yet not in vain our mortal race hath run,
 We have had our reward—and it is here !
 That we can yet feel gladden'd by the sun,
 And reap from earth, sea, joy almost as dear
 As if there were no man to trouble what is clear.

CLXXVII.

Oh ! that the Desart were my dwelling place,
 With one fair Spirit for my minister,
 That I might all forget the human race,
 And, hating no one, love but only her !
 Ye Elements !—in whose ennobling stir
 I feel myself exalted—Can ye not
 Accord me such a being ? Do I err
 In deeming such inhabit many a spot ?
 Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.

CLXXVIII.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society, where none intrudes,
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.

CLXXIX.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his controul
 Stops with the shore ; upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sins into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unkuell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

CLXXX.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
 And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.

CLXXXI.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak Leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 A like the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

CLXXXII.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
 Has dried up realms to desarts:—not so thou,
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

CLXXXIII.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempest: in all time,
 Calm or convuls'd—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving:—boundless, endless, and sublime—
 The image of Eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

CLXXXIV.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

CLXXXV.

My task is done—my song hath ceased—my theme
Has died into an echo ; it is fit
The spell should break of this protracted dream.
The torch shall be extinguish'd which hath lit
My midnight lamp—and what is writ, is writ,—
Would it were worthier ! but I am not now
That which I have been—and my visions fit
Less palpably before me—and the glew
Which in my spirit dwelt, is fluttering, faint, and low.

CLXXXVI.

Farewell ! a word that must be, and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger ;—yet—farewell !
Ye ! who have traced the Pilgrim to the scene
Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
A thought which once was his, if on ye swell
A single recollection, not in vain
He wore his sandal-shoon, and scallop-shell ;
Farewell with him alone may rest the pain,
If such there were—with you, the moral of his strain !

NOTES TO THE FOURTH CANTO.

1. The communication between the Ducal palace and the prisons of Venice is a gloomy bridge, or covered gallery, high above the water, and divided by a stone wall into a passage and a cell.
2. An old writer, describing the appearance of Venice, has made use of the above image, which would not be poetical were it not true.
3. The well known song of the gondoliers, of alternate stanzas, from Tasso's Jerusalem, has died with the independance of Venice.
4. The answer of the mother of Brasidas to the strangers who praised the memory of her son.
5. The lion has lost nothing by his journey to the Invalides, but the gospel which supported the paw that is now on a level with the other foot.
6. After many vain efforts on the part of the Italians, entirely to throw off the yoke of Frederic Barbarossa, and as fruitless attempts of the Emperor to make himself absolute master throughout the whole of his Cisalpine dominions, the bloody struggles of four and twenty years, were happily brought to a close in the city of Venice.
7. The reader will recollect the exclamation of the highlander, *Oh for one hour of Dundes!*
8. After the loss of the battle of Pola, an embassy was sent to the conquerors with a blank sheet of paper, praying them to describe what terms they pleased, and leave to Venice only her independance. The Prince of Padua was inclined to listen to the proposals, but the Genoese, who, after the victory at Pola, had shouted, "to Venice, to Venice, and long live St. George," determined to annihilate their rival, and Peter Doria, their commander-in-chief, returned this answer to the supplicants, "On God's faith, gentlemen of Venice, ye shall have no peace from the Signor of Padua, nor from our commune of Genoa, until we have first put a réin upon those unbridled horses of yours, that are upon the Porch of your evangelist St. Mark. Wild as they may be we will soon make them stand still. And this is the pleasure of us and of our commune.

9. The population of Venice at the end of the seventeenth century amounted to nearly two hundred thousand souls. At the last census, taken two years ago, it was no more than about one hundred and three thousand, and it diminishes daily.

10. *Tannen* is the plural of *tanne*, a species of fir, peculiar to the Alps.

11. The above description may seem fantastical or exaggerated to those who have never seen an Oriental or an Italian sky, yet it is but a literal and hardly sufficient delineation of an August evening contemplated along the banks of the Brenta near La Mira.

12. Thanks to the critical acumen of a Scotchman, we know as little of *Laura* as ever.

13. Petrarch retired to Arqua immediately on his return from the unsuccessful attempt to visit Urban V. at Rome, in the year 1370, and, with the exception of his celebrated visit to Venice, in company with Francesco Novella da Carrara, he appears to have passed the four last years of his life between that charming solitude and Padua.

14. The struggle is to the full as likely to be with daemons as with our better thoughts.

15. Perhaps the couplet in which Boileau deprecates *Tasso*, may serve as well as any other specimen to justify the opinion given of the harmony of French verse.

16. Before the remains of Ariosto were removed from the Benedictine church to the library of Ferrara, his bust, which surmounted the tomb, was struck by lightning, and a crown of iron laurels melted away.

17. The eagle, the sea calf, the laurel, and the white wine, were amongst the most approved preservatives against lightning.

18. The Curtain lake and the Ruminal fig-tree in the Forum, having been touched by lightning, were held sacred, and the memory of the accident was preserved by a *puteal*, or altar, resembling the mouth of a well, with a little chapel covering the cavity supposed to be made by the thunderbolt.

19. The two stanzas, XLII. and XLIII. are, with the exception of a line or two, a translation of the famous sonnet of Filicaja :

“Italia, Italia, O tu cui feo la sorte.”

20. The celebrated letter of Servius Sulpicius to Cicero on the death of his daughter, describes as it then was, and now is, a path which I often traced in Greece, both by sea and land, in different journeys and voyages.

21. It is Poggio who, looking from the Capitoline hill upon ruined Rome, breaks forth into the exclamation; “Ut nunc omni decore nudata, prostrata jacet, iustar gigantei cadaveris corrupti atque undique exesi.”

22. The view of the Venus of Medicis instantly suggests the lines in the *Seasons*, and the comparison of the object with the description proves correct.

23. “Atque oculos pascat uterque suos,”
Ovid. *Amor.* lib. ii.

24. This name will recal the memory of those whose tombs have raised the Santa Croce into the Mecca of Italy

25. Alfieri is the great name of this age.

26. The tomb of Machiavelli gives no information as to place or time of the birth or death, the age or parentage, of the historian.

27. Dante was born in Florence in the year 1261.

28. The elder Scipio Africanus had a tomb if he was not buried at Liternum, whither he had retired to voluntary banishment.

29. The Florentines did not take the opportunity of Petrarch's short visit to their city in 1350, to revoke the decree which confiscated the property of his father, who had been banished shortly after the exile of Dante.

30. Boccaccio was buried in the church of St. Michael and St. James, at Certaldo.

31. Our veneration for the Medici begins with Cosmo and expires with his grandson.

32. “And such was their mutual animosity, so intent were they upon the battle, that the earthquake was not noticed by the combatants.

33. No book of travels has omitted to expatiate on the

temple of the Clitumnus, between Foligno and Spoleto ; and no site, or scenery, even in Italy, is more worthy a description.

34. I saw the "Cascata dei marmore" of Terni twice, at different periods.

35. Of the time, place and qualities of this kind of Iris, the reader may have seen a short account in a note to *Manfred*.

36. In the greater part of Switzerland the avalanches are known by the name of lauwine.

37. These stanzas may probably remind the reader of *Ensign Northerton's* remarks : "D—n Homo," &c.

38. For a comment on this and the two following stanzas, the reader may consult *Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold*.

39. Orosius gives three hundred and twenty for the number of triumphs.

40. Certainly were it not for these two traits in the life of Sylla, alluded to in this stanza, we should regard him as a monster unredeemed by an admirable quality.

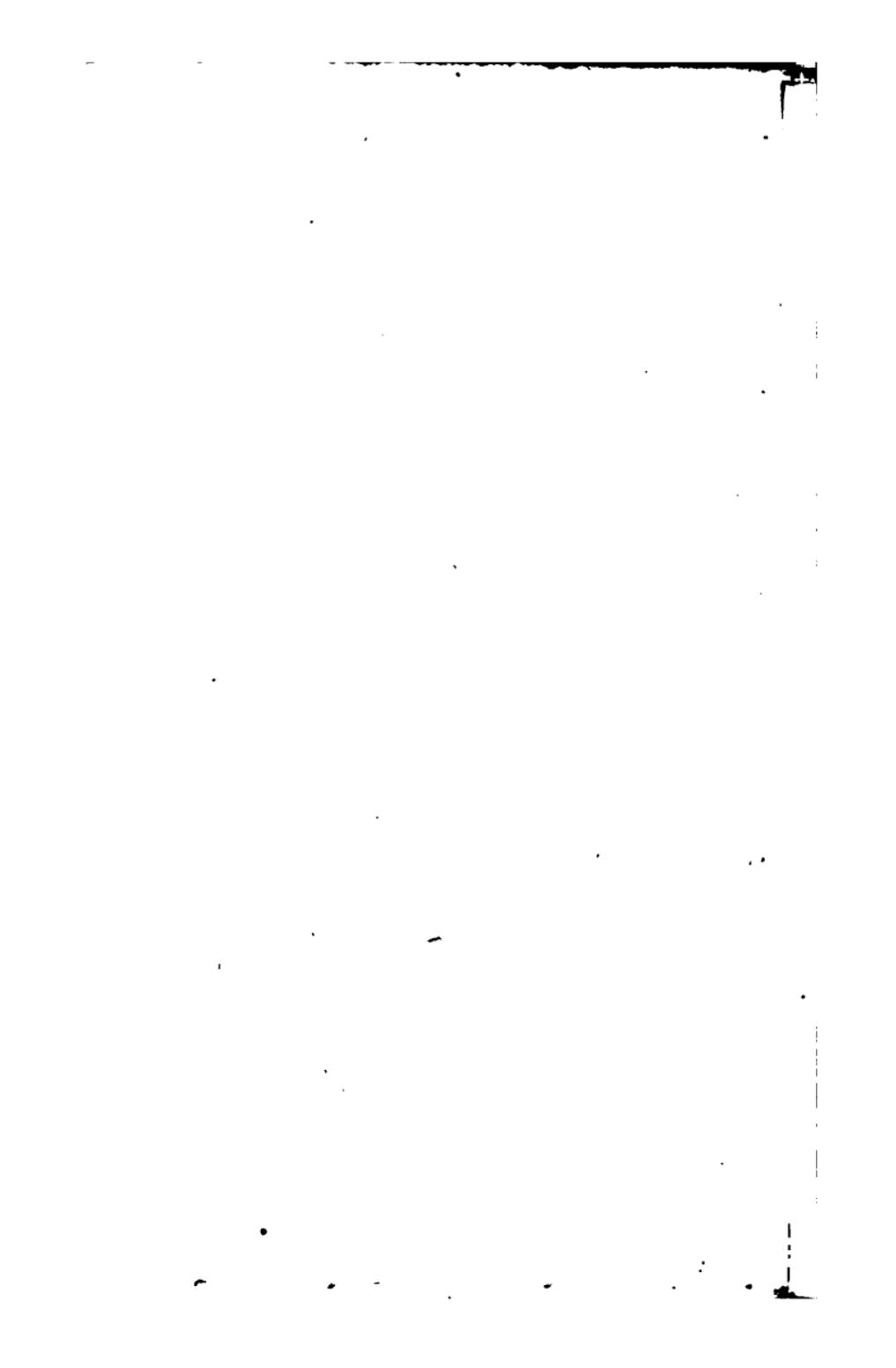
41. On the third of September Cromwell gained the victory of Dunbar ; a year afterwards he obtained "his crowning mercy" of Worcester ; and a few years after, on the same day, which he had ever esteemed the most fortunate for him, died.

42. The projected division of the Spada Pompey has already been recorded by the historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

43. Ancient Rome, like modern Sienna, abounded most probably with images of the foster-mother of her founder.

44. It is possible to be a very great man and to be still very inferior to Julius Cæsar, the most complete character, so Lord Bacon thought of all antiquity.

45. ".... omnes pene veteres ; qui nihil cognosci, nihil percepi, nihil sciri posse dixerent ; angustos : sensus ; imbecillos animos, brevia curricula vitæ ; in profundo veritatem demersam ; opinionibus et institutis omnia teneri ; nihil veritati relinquere : deinceps omnia tenebris circumfusa esse dixerent." The eighteen hundred years which have elapsed since Cicero wrote this, have





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